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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Diary of Henry Teonge, Chaplain on Board His Majesty's Ships Assistance, Bristol, and Royal Oak. Anno 1675 to 1679. Now first published from the Original Manuscript. 8vo. pp. 327. London, 1825. Charles Knight.

WE have found this volume rich in matter, at once curious and entertaining. In some respects, it resembles a sort of naval Isaac Walton, affording not only a picturesque view of the feelings and manners of the times, on shipboard, and relating minute circumstances for which we might look in vain any where else, but setting before us, by its traits of the writer, a very original character, in whose adventures we cannot help taking a special interest.—Such is the Diary of Henry Teonge; but it is rendered still more acceptable by a number of excellent notes and parallels, in which the forgotten biographies of gallant sailors are revived, and many remarkable points connected with the sea service of that period are illustrated.

The worthy Chaplain seems to have been a hearty participator in the *bon-vivant* system which prevailed in the British Navy, as well as on shore, during the merry days of the Second Charles. Twice or thrice a week some cause for a feast and drinking bout was sure to occur. "*Deus tortat bene*," or, "*Deus nobiscum*!" exclaims the Chaplain: the Captain ever and anon appoints *gran festo*; saints' days, the wedding and birth-days of officers, the meeting with other ships; and, in short, every possible occasion leads to a *jollification*; more powder is expended in salutes than in fight, though the fighting is bravely managed too; the prayers are short, and often omitted, and the sermons almost invariably the same, from a petition in the Lord's Prayer; and the whole may be summed up in the modern couplet—

"Still from care and thinking free,
Is the Sailor's life at sea."

But our Chaplain is a poet also, and no bad one either, as the examples we shall hereafter select will testify; but, in the interim, we take up the thread of his story at the beginning.

The MS. purports to have been in the possession of a respectable family in Warwickshire.

"Like many other records of individual adventures and opinions," says the introduction, "it had descended, as part of an old library, from one generation to another, without attracting any particular observation. It was at length accidentally offered to the publisher for sale, as a curious volume that might interest some collector. He was led to think that its interest might be more extended. It appeared to him to present a very natural and faithful picture of customs and manners, as they existed in the English Navy at a period when it was fast rising into that importance which was to decide the rank of this country amongst the nations in the world; and it further offered some very singular results of the experience of an observing and intelligent mind, expressed often with peculiar force and humour, and exhibiting some curious indications of the probable average state of morals and intelligence amongst the conforming clergy of the time of Charles II. In this age, when authentic illustrations of particular times and characters are so eagerly sought, it was con-

sidered that the Diary of Henry Teonge might afford amusement and instruction, not only to the antiquarian inquirer, but to the general reader; and that it might fairly claim some share of public notice, at a time when almost every accession to our storehouse of facts is regarded with favour and curiosity."

These anticipations will not be disappointed. Mr. Teonge was one of the conforming clergy of the Restoration, and held the livings of Alcester and Sperrall, in Warwickshire. His habits of life appear to have rendered a voyage to sea good both for purse and person; and he accordingly performed the services of which this singular Diary is preserved.

"His first voyage occupied from the 20th of May, 1675, to the 17th of November, 1676. On his return to England, he stayed in London about three quarters of a year. About June, 1677, he returned to Sperrall. Unhappily, the original cause of his absence from the proper sphere of his duties appears to have remained in full force at the period of his return. He says, 'Though I was glad to see my relations and old acquaintance, yet I lived very un-easy, being daily dunned by some or other, or else for fears of land pyrates, which I hated worse than Turkes.'"

His second voyage was begun in March, 1678, and in 1679 he finally returned to Sperrall. His Editor observes of him with kindness, but with truth—

"Writing as he did, without any sort of disguise he exhibits himself, not, indeed, as possessing any very constant sense of religious obligation, but considering the laxity of the morals of the period in which he lived, and the society in which he moved, as affording a very respectable specimen of a sea-chaplain of that era.—He enjoys his punch and his claret, and he revels in the most luxurious description of the good cheer by which he was occasionally surrounded: but he appears to have been constant in the observance of the offices of his calling; and on one occasion he exhibits a very spirited and commendable jealousy of any interference with his professional duties. His mind appears to have been remarkably acute and vigorous. He diligently observes whatever is new and curious, and brings to the subject a considerable share of book-learning, sometimes, indeed, inaccurate and ill-digested, and frequently mixed up with a very singular portion of superstition, but altogether affording abundant evidence of his talents and acquisitions."

"His poetical compositions are often very far above those of 'the mob of gentlemen who write with ease'; and some of his ballads, making allowance for the bad taste of his age,—the Chloriades and the Amyntas, the Phyllises and the Amaryllises, are in some respects worthy of taking their place amongst the standard compositions of this description. Upon the whole, his Diary is any thing but dull, and leaves upon us the impression of a pleasant, gossiping with a quaint and witty companion, relating, in a natural style, some very singular adventures, and exhibiting a variety of new and curious particulars of an interesting and remarkable state of society."

The Diary itself thus commences—

"Thursday, May 20, 1675. *Deus tortat bene!*
"This day I began my voyage from my house at Sperrall, in the county of Warwick; with small accouterments, saving what I carried under me in an old sack. My steede like that of 21—Hudibras, for mettle, courage, and color, (though not of the same biggnes;) and for flesh, one of Pharaoh's leane mares, ready to cease 22—(for hunger) on those that went before her, had shée not bene short winged; or rather leaden heeled. My stock of monys was also proportionable to the rest; being little more than (23)—what brought me to London, in an old coste, and britches of the same; an old payre of hose and shooes; and a lethern dublett of 9 yeares olde and upward. Indee, (by reason of the suddennes of my jurny,) I had nothing 24—but what I was ashamed of; save only
"An old fox broad-sword, and a good black gowne;
25—And thus Old Henry came to London towne.
26—Hither was I ne sooner arrived, but I was courteously received, first by Lieutenant Haughton, with bottells of claret &c.: and after, by Capt. William Houlding, with entertainment of the same fashion.

"27—Thence to the Longe Reach; where I was that morning entred on board Chaplen to his Majesty in his Frigate Assistance, 56 gunnes, and under the commsund of Capt. Will. Houlding, and returned againe that night to London."

"28—And now a small sea-bed is my *utero necessarium*, (though I wanted almost every thing else;) a thing that I could not bee without; nor knew I how to compass it. I sent for some bedding into the country; and I try some friends to borrow some monys; but all in vaine; and so I retrieve my cloake, left longe since (in pawn), not at Troas, (as Saint Paul's was), for his was recovered only with demand; mine could not be got by fayer or foule meanes. Seeing no other meanes I remembred the poet:—

αργυριαις λογχασι μαχον και πενα κρηστις.
I sum'on all my forces, and I borrow 5s. of my landlady; and thus I redeemed my cloke: lying 29—only for 10s. Having done thus, my leane mare, with saddle, bridle, and bootes, and spurs, I sold to my landlord for 26s., upon condition that if 26s. was sent to him in a fortnight's time, the mare might be redeemed, but the other things lost. And my cloake I pawned againe for 40s."

"(30)—With this monys I payd my quarters: and so I couch at my Cos. Tyler's doore with my man: and at Poplar I bought a small bed, on pillow, on blanket, on rug, for 21s. And thus 31—having still a small parcell of monys left, and being with to goe to sea too rich for feare of pyrats, I am coatched to Black-Wall; where I take leave of some friends that accompanyd me June 1—thither; and, *omnia mea mecum porto*, I take water; and com on board the ship Assistance, (then still in the Longe Reach;) dranke part of 3 boules of punch,† (a liquor very

† The Sundays throughout the Diary are distinguished by the date being encircled."

† In Fryer's Travels to the East Indies (1672) we have the following account of the use of our mixture called Punch.—"At Nerale (near Goa) is made the best punch, or *nepe die Goa*, with which the English on this coast make that enervating liquor called Punch, (which is Indostan for five,) from five ingredients, as the physicians name this composition *Dispenic*, or from four things *Diatetaron*."

strainge to me;) and so to bed in a cabin so much out of order, that when I thought to find my pillow on the topp, I found it slipt between the coards, and under the bed.

"2—This day wee fall downe into the Hope, (our Captaine being com on board the night before and unexpected.)

"3—Wee hoyst sayle; and with Essex on the left hand, and Kent on the right, wee com to the Boy in the Nore [*Buoy of the Nore*]; a thing as strainge to me as was the rest of their dyalect. Hither many of our seamen's wives follow their husbands, and severall other young women accompany their sweethearts, and sing, *Loath to Depart*,* in punch and brandy; so that our ship was that night well furnished, but ill mand; few of them being well able to keepe watch, had there beene occasion. Here I could relate severall amorous songs, som from the men to the women, others contra, shewing them *loath to depart*."

This is a fair specimen of the whole work; from which we shall proceed to cull those incidents which strike us as being most novel and characteristic. On the 3d of June (same date as above), the writer continues—

"Thence wee passe to the Boy on the Red-sands, thinking to goe the nearest way over the Flatts; but, fearing wee should be calmed, wee tack about, and goe the other way. And heere wee begin our warlike acclievments; for, seeing a merchant man neare us without taking the least notice of a man of warr, we give him a shott, make him loare his top-gallant, (*id est*, put off his hatt to us), and our gunner presently goes on board of him, makes him pay 6s. 6d. for his contempt; abating him 2d. because it was the first shott. And so wee passe on to the Boy in the Gunfleete."

"5—Wee com to an anchor in the Downes this mornie about 4. And here I might tell you what Providence putt into my hands; which, though littell worth of them-selves, yet were they of greate use to him that then wanted almost every thing. Early in the morning I mett with a rugged towell on the quarter deck; which I soon secured. And soon after, Providence brought me a peice of an old sayle, and an earthen pott: all very helpfull to him that had nothing. Here wee find 6 men of warr, all of them saluting us with 7 gunns a peice.

"Here on beggs inke, another paper lends To write a letter to their absent friends, And Deale sends fresh meate, Margt sends us ale, Till wee have further orders for to sayle.

"16—The Capt. and his lady, the lieutenant and his wife, and my selfe, went on shore to Deale: wee were all carryed out of our pinnace to the shore on men's showlders. Wee saw Sandowne Castle, Deale Castle, and Wawmur Castle, all well furnished. Here I saw two strainge sights to mee. On was Deale Beach reaching from the South Foreland almost to the North Foreland; and is nothing else but as it were a very greate banke of stones, and flints, and shells of fishes: higher then the smooth sands by many fathoms, and very broad, being daily augmented by the sea: And is so cleare and voyd of sand or dust, that the inhabitants (slighting the greene gras which is close by it),

* These are probably the first words of a song, the tune of which seems to have been sounded on the trumpets as part of the salute given to any superior officer or person of rank upon leaving the ship. In a MS. *Discourse on Marine Affairs*, preserved in the Harleian collection (No. 1341), the ceremony used on board upon the departure of any personage of high rank or command in the navy, is fully described, and concludes thus: "Being againe returned into his barge, after that the trumpets have sounded a *Loath to Depart*, and that the barge is faire off a fitt and fair birth, and distance from the ships side, hee is too be saluted with some maine gunns for an adieu, as the ships is able to give, provided that they be alive of an odd number," MS. p. 214."

doe spread their linnen on those stones to dry and whiten: which also lye so loose, that you tread up to the ancles every step you goe: yet on this banke stands the towne of Deale. The other thing which was strainge to mee was, that in all places else where ever I yet was, the cheifest care of the neate hous-wife was to keepe their roomes cleane from all manner of dust, by sweeping, washing, and rubbing them: But heere cleane contrary; for having first swept them cleane, they then strew them all over with sand,* yea their very best chambers. Here wee dined. And heere Mrs. Walton, our landlady, gave mee a little jugg full of inke; which did mee a greate pleasure. Towards evening wee were all carried from shore to our pinnace at least 100 paces; the water being up to the middles of the seamen; the women for feare of falling, and especially the lieutenant's wife, hugging the water-men about their necks till they had almost choaked them; which caused much laughter, though our feete and garments wept.

On the 21st, off Dover. "By six in the morning all our ladys are sent on shore in our pinnace; whose weeping eyes bedewed the very side of the ship, as they went over into the boate, and seemed to have chosen (might they have had their will) rather to have stuck to the syds of the ship like the barnacles, or shell-fish, then to have parted from us. But they were no somer out of sight but they were more merry; and I could tell with whom too, were I so minded.

"As soon as the boate was put off from the ship, wee honour their departure with 3 cheers, 7 gunns,† and our trumpets sounding. They in the interim (as far as they could see us, holding up their hands with Eola, saying *Vale longum*!) doe close the devotions not as of olde the heathens used.—*Di Deo; omnes, &c.*! but Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, be with you all! But soon forget us. Now having done with our Dallians or Myrmidons, and our pinnace being com againe from shore, wee hoyst up our maine sayle, &c. and make way as fast as wee can."

Tripoli is their destination, where, in the sequel, Admiral Narborough brought the pirates to reason, pretty much in the same way as Lord Exmouth did the Algerines in our own time. Yet his discipline was very different; as may be gathered, in one respect, from the notice of punishments which we trace in various parts of the Diary.

"We see that the 'nicely sanded floor' is rather a modern luxury. It is probable that both in England and France the custom was originally almost peculiar to towns and villages on the coast, where the inhabitants would have no difficulty in obtaining this article from the beach, as at Deal and Calais."

"The custom of saluting with an odd number of gunns appears to have been observed from a very early period: the origin of the usage, as peculiar to the navy, is not ascertained; but it probably arose, as well for the sake of a distinction after noticed, as from the predilection in favour of odd numbers, which has existed from a very remote antiquity. Brand, in his *Observations upon Popular Antiquities*, &c. says, 'All odd numbers were considered fortunate by our ancestors, except 13, which was ominous: thus all remedies are directed to be taken 3, 7, or 9 times. Salutes with cannon consist of odd numbers; this predilection for odd numbers is very ancient, and is mentioned by Virgil in his *Eclogues*.'

"The Discourse on Marine Affairs before noticed, in treating of the salutes and ceremonies observed between vessels at sea or in harbour, after stating that salutes are given with such a number of gunns as is proportioned to the rank of the person, or superiority of the ship saluted, and according to the ability of the ship saluting, and are always of an odd number, proceeds thus: 'The odd number is, in these ways of salute and ceremony, soe observable at sea, that whenever any gunnes are given in an even number, it is received for an infallible expression that either the Captaine, or master, or master gunner, is dead in the volage. It is a general custome also upon the death of either of the captaine, master, master gunner of the shippe, or any other pryve officer, when the corpse is too be throwne overboard, to ringe his knell and three or with some gunns, the which are all wailes to bee of an even number.'"

"24—Midsummer day, and wee are calmed still over against the Ile of Wyte, and within kenn of Portland, though 30 leagues from us. This day 2 seamen that had stolen a peice or two of beife, were thus shamed: they had their hands tyd behind them, and themselves tyd to the maine mast, each of them a peice of raw beife tyd about their necks in a coarl, and the beife bobbing before them like the knot of a crevatt; and the rest of the seamen cam one by one, end rubd them over the mouth with the raw beife; and in this posture they stood 3 howers."

"1675, Sept. 28—This morning on of our men, viz. Skinner, a knowne cockbold, for goeing on shore without leave, had his leggs tyd together, his hands tyd to a greate rope

"The system of naval punishment for minor offences, appears at all times to have rested very much upon the discretion of the commander. The most usual modes of correction at sea during the greater part of the 17th century, seem to have been the *captaine's bilboes*, and *chucking*, as these punishments have been abrogated by the improvements of modern discipline, it is worth while, as an antiquarian curiosity, to select from the 'Dialogical Discourse of Marine Affairs,' before mentioned, the following account of these various punishments."

The Captaine:—"A captain barr being thrust through the hole of the barrel, the offenders armes are extended to the full length, and the maine faste make the barr crossewise, having sometimes a basket of bullets, or some other like weighte, hanging above his necke, in which posture he continues untill he be made either to confesse some plette or cryme whereof he is preagnate suspected, or that he have received such condigne satisfaction as he is sentencd to by command of the Captaine."—"The punishment of the bilboes is when a delinquent is putt in irons, or in a kinde of stocks used for that purpose, the which are more or lesse heavy and pinching as the quality of the offense is proved against the delinquent."—"The ducking at the mayne yarde done is, when a malefactor, by having a rope fastened under his armes and about his myddle, and under his breeche, is thus hoysed up to the end of the yards; from whence hee is againe violently lett fall into the sea, sometimes twyse, sometimes three severall times one after another; and if the offense be very fowle, hee is alsoe drawne under the very keele of the shippe, the which is termed keel halving; and whilst hee is thus under water a great gunn is given fire right over his head; the which is done as well to astonish him the more with the thunder thereof, which much troubleth him, as to give warning unto all others tooe look out, and to be aware by his harmes." We are indeed to quote some passages relative to the heavier inflictions of the old discipline. "The executions and capital punishments I finde to be thus in Queene Elizabeths tyme aborde her own shippes. If any one man killed another, he was to be dead man and soe throwne into the sea. If any one drew a weapon whether to stryke his Captaine, he was to loose his right hande. If any one drew a weapon within borde in anye waye of tumult or murder, he was tooe loose his right hande. If any one pilfered, or stole awaye anye goods or commodities from any of his fellowes, he was to be hurty ducked at the bolle spryte, and then to be draged at the botte stene, and sett on shore upon the next land with a lofe of bread and a can of beere. If any one practised to steal awaye anye of her Majestys shippes, the Captaine was to cause him to be hanged by the heeles untill his braines were beaten oute against the shypes sides, and then to be cutt downe and lett fall into the sea. If any one slept in his watche, for the first time he was tooe be headed with a buckett of water; for the second time he was tooe be haled up by the wrysts, and tooe have two bucketts of water poured into his sleeves; for the third time he was tooe be bounde to the mayne mast with plates of iron, and to have some gun chambers or a basket of bullets tied to his armes, and tooe to remaine at the pleasure of the Captaine: for the fourth time he was to be hanged at the bolle spryte, with a cann of beere and a biscott of brende and a sharpe knife, and tooe to be hange and chuse whether he would cutt his selfe downe and fall into the sea, or hange still and starve. If anye mannyer or soldier stole awaye from her Majestys service without lycense of his Captaine, hee was to be hanged. If any one did mutinie about his allowe proportion of victuals, he was to be layde in the bilboes during the Captaine's pleasure. As for all petty pilferings and commissions of thart kinde, those were generally punished with the whippe, the offender beinge to that purpose bounde faste to the captain; as the waggerie and idleness of shyppe boyes paid by the boatswaine with a rodde, and commonlye this execution is done upon the Mondaye mornings, and is soe frquentlie in use that some meeane seamen and sylvies doe believe in good earnest that they shall never have a thirt waile untill the poor boyes be duelye brought to the cheast; that is, whippd, every Monday mornings."

The punishment of the bilboes is somewhat differently described by Stevens, in his *Apies to Shakespeare*,—Hamlet, act 5, scene 2."

and stood on the syd of the ship to be hoisted up to the yard arme, and from thence to dropp downe in to the water 3 times: but he looking so very pitifully, and also by the gentlemen's entreatys to the Captaine for him, who alleged that he had injurys enough already, as having a wife a whore and a schold to injure him at home, ergo had the more need to be pitied abroad, was spared.

"1676, Jan. 29—Now wee are at poynt of Goza, which is a member of Malta, a place of greates strength. This day David Thomas, and Martin the cook, and our master's boy, had their hand stretched out, and with their backs to the rayles, and the master's boy with his back to the maine mast, all looking on upon the other, and in each of their mouths, a maudlin-spike, viz. an iron pinn clapt close into their mouths, and tyd behind their heads; and there they stood a whole houre, till their mouths were very bloody: an excellent cure for swearers.

"1678, Aug. 4—I preach a sermon on the word Father. Isaac Webb stood tied to the geres an howere, and had *speculum ori* placed in his mouth, for saying to a seaman in the Captaine's hearing—"Thou lyes, like a son of a whore."

"Sept. 16—A seaman had 29 lashes with a cat of 9 tayles, and was then washt with salt water, for stealing our carpenter's mate's wives ring."

These are singular features of the naval service a century and a half ago; but as the subjects are not of the most agreeable class, we shall take leave to diversify our review by inserting here, part of one, and the whole of another, of the Chaplain's poetical compositions. The first is a ballad on the attack of a Tripolitan vessel, which details the particulars very balladically; and thus closes:

"Long lasted this same cruell fight,
Which rose with bloody streames
Untill the sun, that western light,
With drew his glorious beames:
Which gave the Turks that liberty
To carry off their cargoe;
Sons say was full of whet and rye,
And pots of rich potage.
No sooner did the morne break forth
We renew the theme,
And fall upon the Turks at with
Gholia's weaver's beams.
Our greates gunns and our musketceares,
And our petareroes humming,
The bulletts flew about their eares—
They thought the Devil was coming.
Then some wee force these craggy rocks,
With Turkish blood all drunk;
Whereas wee find, with sturdy knocks,
Their famous vessell sunk.
Emerged then (without delay)
That wee had lost our hopes,
We hauled up and we carry away
The decks, the masts, the ropes.
The Turks they took it in greates snuff,
And sorely were offended;
But we did carry off their stag,
And so the battell ended.
God bleese King Charles, the Duke of York;
The royall family;
From Turks and Jewes that cate no porke
Good Lord deliver me."

The other poem is entitled "A Sonnet, composed October the first, over against the East part of Candie."

"O! Glince was a bonny lass,
Which makes the world to wonder
However it should come to passe
That wee did part a sunder.
The driven snow, the rose so rare,
The glorious sunn above thee,
Can set with my Glince compare,
She was so wonderous lovely.
Her merry looks, her forehead high,
Her hair like golden-ewer,
Her hand and foot, her lip or eye,
Would set a saint on fire.
And for to give Glince her due,
There no lill part about her;
The turtle-dove's not halfe so true?
Then what can live without her?"

King Solomon, where ere he lay,
Did ere embrace a kinder:
O! why should Glince gang a way,
And be left behind her?
Then will I search each place and roome
From London to Virginy.
From Dover, peers to Scandersonne,
But I will find my Glince.
But Glince's turned back I feare,
When that I did not mind her;
Then back to England will I steare,
To see where I can find her.
And having Glince once againe,
If shee'l doe her indeavour,
The world shall never make us twaine—
Wee live and dye together."

Odes and Addresses to Great People. 12mo. pp. 136. London 1825. Baldwin, Cradock, and Joy.

The author of this clever *jeu d'esprit*, shows himself to be well acquainted with the current topics of the day, with the periodical and general Press, and with many of those who strut their hour upon the busy stage, either as literary, or other lions. His muse is playful and merry; there is no offence in it; but, on the contrary, a great deal of humour and pun, and occasionally the manifestation of a capacity to touch a more elevated pitch, were it wished to elicit the higher powers of song.

The poems are fifteen in number, and addressed to Graham, the aeronaut; M'Adam, the Colosseus of Roads; Mrs. Fry in Newgate; the Humane Member for Galway; the Champion Dymoke; Grimaldi, &c. &c.; and altogether they display a fund of pleasantry, not equal to the Rejected Addresses certainly, but certainly equal to any thing of the kind since they were promulgated for the benefit of "my pensive public." We do not know that we like the theme of any of them better than the first, where the reflections arising, on rising in a balloon with Mr. Graham, partake of the Democratic philosophy in a pleasing measure, and amuse us, while they sport with many a moral not unsuited to the place and occasion. We transcribe a few stanzas as an example:

"Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!—
Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim!
The steeples and the trees
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
The Dolland, if you please!—
"Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks!—that channel,
The mighty Thames!—a proper kennel
For that small Isle of Dogs!—
"What is that seeming ten-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear
Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe!—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good luck! to see
The little ways of men!"

"Think! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
Like mites upon a cheese!—
Pshaw!—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts!—can there be Dukes
Of Glince such as these!"

"Oh! what is glory!—what is fame?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
'The nothing but a hum!
A few near quats would tramp as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
That has so far to come!"

"Well!—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the car,
To orphan ages hence!—
Ah me, how distance touches all!
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence."

"What else!—I'm poor, and much beset
With devil's small dust—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth—
What's all the credit of the earth!
An lach of cloth on trust!"

"What's the Rothschild here? that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth!—Oh, if you can
Spy out,—the Golden Ball!
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What's gold or silver now!—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!"

"What's all the ground-rent of the globe!—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!"

"And less, still less, will I submit
To poor men's acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakespeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!"

"Oh, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change!—
The free creative mind!"

There are some excellent passages in the Ode to M'Adam, who is charged with being the author of Highways and Byeways; and some not amiss in the lines to Mrs. Fry, where the Methodists' creed and cry are said to be "Fry for ever!" But we overpass these, to quote a verse from those to Richard Martin, Esq., M. P.:

"How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan Jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a 'Perpetual Ruby Pen!
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender Bill!
"Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Fryebald and dapple grey,
Chesnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorn!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their wailing horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,
And sly M. P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And sabbas-men thee.
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!"

"Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ,
Staying his lifted blade on the air?
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarry thou hast summoned off,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the corner of the two—
While Swift smiled down aloft!
O worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hand against the sparrow's nest, to grab it,
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the Swifts!"

"O build a Brooke's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corpses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess 'the luxury of woe!'
True mourning steeds, in so extempore black,
And many a wretched hack

Shall sorrow for thee,—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knuck
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scart—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common Censurer!"

The next composition which hits our fancy most is the Ode to Grimaldi, of which we give the entire:

"Joseph! they say thou'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the *Benneff* of ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
'Retire!—for Young would call it so—
The world shut out!—in Pleasant Row!
"And hast thou really wash'd at last
From each white cheek the red half moon?
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be
Shall have a heavy mis of thee!
"Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not 'lure us to the skies'—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can
Much 'better spare a better man!"

"Oh, had it pleas'd the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! nabby pampy Poole,—
Or any other clown or fool!"

"Go, Diddin—all that bear the name,
Go Byeway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skelly—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could hear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!"

"Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His grey hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Walthman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to Balaam Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!"

"Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
To muse on death at Ponder's End—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters, still I might not grieve!"

"But, Joseph—every body's Jo!—
Is gone—and grief I will and must:
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust.)
And talk as he did when he mis'd:
The kissing-crust that he had kiss'd!"

"Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, drunken eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said),
Thy even-mouth, that swallow'd pie—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drought!—
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!"

"Ah, where thy ears, so often cuff'd!—
Thy funny, dapping, flicching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuff'd
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!
Thy foot—like Berkeley's Foot—
'Twas often made to wipe an eye!"

"Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair!
For 'great wits jump'—and so did they!
Lord! how they leap'd in lamp-light air!
Cap'd—and bound'd—and strode away!—
'That years should tame the legs—black!
I've seen spring thro' an Almanack!"

"But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisk'd in silken clocks
May look to limp in scabby hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter—Spring!"

"And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad.—Thy going seem'd to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!"

"And may be—'tis no time to smother!
A sigh, when two prime wags of London
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other,
A Joe!—sic transit gloria Munda!
A third departure some insist on—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!"

"Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient 'Dorcy' to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!
Let Parley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone,—his Christmas Caliban!"

"Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho' they walk'd behind thy bier,—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters—if in heav'n or here!
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
Thine's 'Quick,' might just as well be dead!"

"Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamp-light of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best,—
Poor urebin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's Ghost of Grimm?"

"For who like thee could ever stride!
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The vegetable man complete!—
A proper Covent Garden feast!"

"Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
Or eat,—swill, swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—meze and wink!—
Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Thou Joseph, Junior, acts not ill,
'There's no Fool like the old Fool' still!"

"One of the old actors—still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid."

"Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
We met with mirth,—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go,
Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Bloors*!"

After the specimens we have selected, we need scarcely add that there are many fair jokes in the remaining pieces, and many felicities of thought and expression. Occasionally, it is true, we detect a repetition; but there is still wit enough for a book of thrice the size of this volume. The tone, too, is good-matured; and while the world will laugh at the humour of the author, we do not think there is one individual to whom it can (at least should) give uneasiness or pain. Every man who stands in any way before the public must be content to have the squib and laugh against him now and then; and he would be thin-skinned, indeed, who felt hurt by aught in these light effusions. Having said so, we must enter our caveat against the Ode to the Secretary of the Mendicity Society (originating, we dare say, in his "pun-provoking name" of Bodkin,) being allowed to turn that Institution into ridicule. It is one of eminent utility; and when we state that there are impostors, and not a few either, who subsist in London on begging-letters—subsidist, did we say? who live at from £300 to £3,000 a-year on these expedients! which class is held in check and awe by this Association, we are recording a fact which ought strongly to incline the public to co-operate with it in its most meritorious and beneficial labours.

Journal of a Residence and Travels in Colombia, during the years 1823 and 1824. By Capt. C. Stuart Cochrane, R.N. 8vo. 2 vols. London, 1825. Colburn.

THE rising importance of South America to British capital, enterprise, and commerce, has often of late been alluded to in the Literary Gazette, when called upon to notice new publications respecting that immense region. The present volumes eminently deserve a repetition of these allusions; for, though there is much in them of mere personal journal, their main drift and objects are intimately connected with mercantile speculations. Captain Cochrane, a warm admirer of Colombia and its independence, appears to have gone out to survey its capabilities for increased intercourse, trade, and mining, pearl fishing and other projects. His work touches upon several of these; and we hear a good deal, not only of pursuits which may be adopted, but of undertakings actually planned, appropriated, and commenced. Thus we are told of the congress of 1824:

"In the last sitting there was a law passed, granting the exclusive right of the Pearl Fishery of Colombia, for ten years, to Messrs. Rundell, Bridge, and Rundell, of London, being the most valuable grant which the Government has yet bestowed, and which I considered inferior to none, except the cutting the Isthmus of Panama, so as to form a communication, by steam vessels, between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans; which I have ascertained, from accurate survey, to be perfectly practicable, and have in consequence formed a company in Bogotá, who are to lay before the ensuing Congress proposals to that effect."

"Colonel Johnston, and Mr. Thompson, have jointly obtained a grant of the most famous salt mines of the country, which they intend working on the most improved European method. This will add considerably to the revenues of the state, and yield them, I trust, a handsome reward for their exertions."

Near Chiquinquera—"We now used all our interest to procure good fresh mules, in order to visit the celebrated emerald mines of Muso, but could not succeed; we however were introduced

to a very intelligent friar who had lately seen them; who informed us, that formerly, in the time of the Spaniards, they were most productive and easily wrought, some being on the surface, others worked by horizontal excavations; the chief mine worked in the latter manner had caught fire from not being properly ventilated, and continued burning for two years. This, together with the commencing of the Revolution, put an end to the work of the mines. Small emeralds are so plentiful, that it is a common thing to purchase poultry merely to kill them in search of emeralds, which they are fond of; several are often found in the entrails of a large fowl, and sometimes in a very pure and perfect state, though most generally flawed and very small, consequently of no intrinsic value, and only kept as curiosities. The very favourable account we received, determined us to endeavour to procure from the Government a grant of the whole of the mines, and to have them immediately put in work. Senot Rivero and myself elected our friend Pépe Paris, from his influence with the government, to carry the same into effect."

"There is a still more desirable plan of uniting the two oceans through the Isthmus of Panama, where two rivers may be connected by a canal, cut through a level valley, about a league and a half. This junction would enable steam vessels to pass from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean;—and previously to quitting Bogotá, I formed a plan for a company to be established in England for effecting this, which will be laid before the ensuing Congress."

These, however, are only a few of the designs for settling agricultural districts; working gold, silver, copper, and platinum mines; draining lakes; and other improvements which attracted the observation of our countryman: there is hardly a point which he does not view as susceptible of being made to yield a prodigious increase of wealth to industry and proper cultivation. At first, one great drawback seems to exist: it is described in the subjoined paragraph, though relating to a single traveller alone, at Bogotá:

"Having some spare time, previous to the period at which I expected the vessel destined for the pearl fishery to arrive, I determined to employ it usefully, in regaining the sea-coast by the little frequented route of Chocó, instead of going by the more direct way of Maracaybo, hoping to develop some of the riches of the Andes. I was delayed some time by the difficulty of procuring money, no one being inclined to take bills either on Jamaica or London, not even at a large discount; thinking it quite in moderation to demand fifty per cent. discount. This state of things cannot, however, long continue, for some of the principal merchants appear desirous of fixing a regular rate of exchange; and I have no doubt but that when a new loan is raised in England, and public credit restored, money will be as easily procured for bills of exchange here as in any other part of the world."

If this grievance applies so heavily to an individual, what must it do towards crippling the commerce of a country? We have only to add on these topics, before running systematically over the journal, that the mines are in general very poor in Colombia. Capt. C. speaks of one only, Chocó, as likely to prove productive: of this place his account follows:

"From investigations I made, I found that the best mines of Chocó scarcely pay the working now; in consequence, they cannot defray the hire of free negroes, who demand six rials, or three shillings and three pence, per day. As yet the mines have been worked entirely without machinery. They have not even a common pump

"These mines have since been secured by my friend."

to draw the water from the pits they make; and to remove a very large stone sometimes requires the whole force of many negroes for three weeks. Did they but know the use of Gunpowder to blast the rocks; or had they but proper patent cranes for removing the pieces, and pumps for drawing off the water, the mines might be worked to much greater advantage; but there is not a man of capital in the whole province, who can enter into the expense, or afford to lay out his money for a year.

"Platina is found with the gold, and is thus separated from it:—A quantity of water and quicksilver is thrown in with the gold-dust, and well mixed, until the whole appears like paste; it is then put into small moulds, and pressed down until it takes a consistent form, when it is turned out and placed in a red-hot iron grating, below which is a basin of water; over the grating is placed a large bowl so as to cover it. The quicksilver is expelled by the heat, and flies to the bowl, which is a species of retort. The platina falls into the water, and the gold remains in a firm state on the grating, and perfectly pure. The mines that are considered worth working, give two pounds of platina to six of gold. There are, however, many neglected mines, that give six and eight ounces of platina for two of gold. The government are now endeavouring to buy up all the platina, and having it sent to Bogotá, in order, as report states, to make a coinage of it. But as British merchants here offer eight or ten dollars a pound for it, about five sixths are obtained by them, and smuggled to Jamaica. It is great impolicy that the Congress does not entirely do away with the old Spanish system of monopoly; if they would put on a moderate duty, and allow the exportation of gold and platina, they would secure a handsome revenue from it; but as they entirely prohibit the exportation of these metals, the whole is smuggled to Jamaica, and at a moderate rate. No one will send gold-dust to any of the mints, because the government have several times seized what was sent, and only given promissory paper in return. The consequence is, that scarcely a pound of gold-dust remains in Colombia, and hardly a shilling is drawn from the mines of Chocó, towards the exigencies of the state."

Captain Cochrane's route from St. Marta to Bogotá, was chiefly up the river Magdalena, by Mompox and Honda, whence he crossed to the capital. From Bogotá he made several excursions to Leiva and other places; and when he finally left it, he changed his course, visited Purificación, the Mine of Apore, Ibagua, Novita, and descending the river Quito till it discharges itself, and the other rivers which unite with it, into the Bay of Chocó, under the name of the Atrato. On his journey up to the capital, we find only three notices deserving of extract:

"March 25th.—Rose at day-light, and mounting our horses at seven o'clock, proceeded to Baranquilla, a small village about a league from Solitud, where we passed the day with Mr. Glenn, a merchant from Canada, who had been settled here eight years; a very intelligent man, and apparently making a fair fortune. I received many useful hints from him; he was of opinion, that after three years' peace the trade of the country would nearly triple. He much approved the idea of steam-boats being introduced on the rivers, as a mode of conveyance which he was convinced would pay remarkably well."

At Solitud, on the following day—"In the evening there was a procession, which consisted of the cross, decorated with white scarves, and brilliantly illuminated with lamps; a large car followed, borne by fourteen men, having on it a figure intended as a representation of our Saviour,

with his hands bound, and being scourged by a man dressed in the old Spanish costume, and another man as officer looking on."

The Spanish costume used here is a curious trait; but other religious ceremonies, afterwards described, are more characteristic of the manners of the people. Thus, on Good Friday, the 28th, the Captain says—

"Went to church about eight o'clock in the evening with Colonel Rieux. The curate, a young man, preached with great energy, and violent gesticulations, in a sing-song tone. The majority of the audience was women, and the church so excessively crowded, that we could only obtain entrance through the vestry, and might be said to be behind the scenes. Hence we saw a figure, represented on a cross, and intended for our Saviour, which was veiled from the rest of the congregation by a dark curtain. The preacher having arrived at the proper part of his sermon, describing the agonies of Christ, stamped his feet, and at the second stamp the sombre veil fell from before the figure, whilst a discharge of cannon without announced the supposed convulsion of nature; and the apparently bleeding figure, surrounded by numerous lights, was suddenly exposed to the general gaze. The effect of all this performance was so successful, that many of the females shrieked and fainted. Shortly after, the figure was taken down and carried to a sepulchre, gaily adorned, and having the representation of a Roman sentinel sitting on the top. After the sermon, Colonel Rieux and myself walked into the body of the church, and were immediately presented with long wax tapers, intimating the necessity of joining the procession about to pass through the town, to which we did not object, as it afforded us the opportunity of seeing the whole population of the place, ranged on either side of the streets through which we passed. The beauty of the sex did not appear very conspicuous on this occasion." The procession was also graced by the guard of the sepulchre, dressed in white jackets, blue trowsers covered with black crape, and dark veils concealing the face. They had high conical caps with long feathers hanging over them, which only needed bells to complete the *tout ensemble*, and to afford a lively representation of Tom Fool's cap. They were armed with lances and swords. A man clothed in a white shroud was performing a penance, which consisted in keeping his arm extended as in the act of offering something contained in a glass, and intended to represent the nauseous liquor presented to our Saviour. I observed that he had a stick passing through his sleeve so as to support his arm. He, as well as the guards, marched backwards with a kind of pantomimic step."

We shall, in our next, resume this subject.

Lionel Lincoln; or, the Leaguer of Boston. By the Author of the Spy, Pioneers, Pilot, &c. &c. 12mo. 3 vols. London 1825. J. Miller.

MR. COOPER, the writer of these novels, is placed by acclamation in a high rank in his country's literature; and he appears to consider himself to be quite as clever a fellow as the good-natured world gives him credit for being. But this is not very extraordinary in an American, or man of the New World, since it is a very common idea among men of the Old, who ought to know better. But notwithstanding every opinion on the matter, including his own, Mr. Cooper is not equal to the Great Unknown, whom he imitates (at a long distance), and tries to ridicule with marvellous small success.

The present work is connected with a sort of history of the early movements in the American war, and remarkable for being pretty particularly American, considerably Anti-Anglican, and ge-

nuine Republican. We have the *Battle of Lexington*, (heaven help the name!) and the *Battle of Bunker's Hill*, and the siege, or leaguer forthwith, of Boston, and the immortal patriot Washington, and the oppressive English government, and the bloody British grenadiers, and the glorious plough-boy heroes of Massachusetts who beat them, and all the rest of it, shown up as seen by trans-atlantic optics, as truly and clearly as the Sea Serpent itself. But we have also fictitious personages introduced (though Mr. Cooper maketh oath and saith they are only so in name), and are thence instructed that the separation of the colonies from the mother country was effected principally through the agency of a mad old gentleman, called Ralph, (after the Ravens we suppose, for he is a deuce of a croaker,) and an ideot lad called Job Pray, who ran errands at Boston, and delivereth his oracles in real Bostonian attic, and fires his rifle with real backwood accuracy.

We cannot compliment the American Waverley on these two characters. To find in the end that the supernatural Ralph is only a maniac who has escaped from his keeper, and yet not only sails from England to America, but traverses that country as a being of power, is too wide a stretch for the swallow of the imagination, though like that of any other gull: and the *Imbecile Job* is ill defined—a poor copy after the *Naturals* of the Scottish Shakespeare, who takes care not to set down more for his clowns than they can do; whereas Mr. Cooper gifts his with ubiquity, and a wonderful quantity of influence upon events entirely beyond the scope of possibility. For a long while we expected that Job Pray would turn out to be some Brutus assuming ideotcy to cover his designs; and were surprised at his dying of the small-pox, a mere fool at last; but perhaps the revolution did not produce any Brutuses. If the present portrait was really meant for one, it is at least as new as the land of its origin. We shall copy a few traits:

"The sun was just stirring the heavy bank of fog, which had rested on the waters during the night, as Lionel toiled his way up the side of Beacon-Hill, anxious to catch a glimpse of his native scenery while it was yet glowing with the first touch of day. The islands raised their green heads above the mist, and the wide amphitheatre of hills that encircled the bay was still visible, though the vapour was creeping in places along the vallies—now concealing the entrance to some beautiful glen, and now wreathing itself fantastically around a tall spire that told the site of a suburban village. Though the people of the town were awake and up, yet the sacred character of the day, and the state of the times, contributed to suppress those sounds which usually distinguish populous places. The cool nights and warm days of April, had generated a fog more than usually dense, which was deserting its watery bed, and stealing insidiously along the land, to unite with the vapours of the rivers and brooks, spreading a wider curtain before the placid view. As Lionel stood on the brow of the platform that crowned the eminence, the glimpses of houses and hills, of towers and ships, of places known and places forgotten, passed before his vision, through the openings in the mist, like phantoms of the imagination. The whole scene animated and in motion, as it seemed by its changes, appeared to his excited feelings like a fanciful panorama, exhibited for his eye alone, when his enjoyment was interrupted by a voice apparently at no great distance. It was a man singing to a common English air, fragments of some ballad, with a peculiarly vile nasal cadency. Through the frequent pauses, he was enabled to comprehend a few words, which, by their recurrence, were evidently intended for a chorus to the rest of the production. The reader

will understand the character of the whole from these lines, which ran as follows:

"And they that would be free,

Out they go;

While the slaves, as you may see,

Stay, to drink their pison tea,

Down below!"

"Lionel, after listening to this expressing ditty for a moment, followed the direction of the sounds until he encountered Job Pray, who was seated on one of the flights of steps which aided the ascent to the platform, cracking a few walnuts on the boards, while he employed those intervals, when his mouth could find no better employment, in uttering the above-mentioned strains.

"How now, Master Pray, do you come here to sing your orisons to the goddess of liberty, on a Sunday morning," cried Lionel; "or are you the town lark, and for want of wings take to this height to obtain an altitude for your melody?"

"There's no harm in singing psalm tunes or continental songs, any day in the week," said the lad, without raising his eyes from his occupation: "Job don't know what a lark is, but if it belongs to the town, the soldiers are so thick, they can't keep it on the common."

"And what objection can you have to the soldiers possessing a corner of your common?"

"They starve the cows, and then they won't give milk; grass is sweet to beasts in the spring of the year."

"But my life for it, the soldiers don't eat the grass; your brindles and your blacks, your reds and your whites, may have the first offering of the spring as usual."

"But Boston cows don't love grass that British soldiers have trampled on," said the sullen lad.

"This is, indeed, carrying notions of liberty to refinement!" exclaimed Lionel, laughing.

"Job shook his head, threateningly, as he looked up and said, 'Don't you let Ralph hear you say any thing ag'in liberty!'"

"Ralph! who is he, lad? your genius! where do you keep the invisible, that there is danger of his over-hearing what I say?"

"He's up there in the fog," said Job, pointing significantly towards the foot of the Beacon, which a dense volume of vapour was enwrapping, probably attracted up the tall post that supported the grate.

"Lionel gazed at the smoky column for a moment, when the mists began to dissolve, and, amid their evolutions, he beheld the dim figure of his aged fellow passenger. The old man was still clad in his simple, tarnished vestments of grey, which harmonized so singularly with the mists as to impart a look almost ethereal to his wasted form. As the medium through which he was seen became less cloudy, his features grew visible, and Lionel could distinguish the uneasy, rapid glances of his eyes, which seemed to roam over the distant objects with an earnestness that appeared to mock the misty veil that was floating before so much of the view. While Lionel stood fixed to the spot, gazing at this irregular being with that secret awe which the other had succeeded in inspiring, the old man waved his hand impatiently, as if he would cast aside his shroud. At that instant a bright sun-beam darted into the vapour, illuminating his person, and melting the mist into thin air. The anxious, haggard, and severe expression of his countenance changed at the touch of the ray, and he smiled with a softness and attraction that thrilled the nerves of the other, as he called aloud to the sensitive young soldier—

"Come hither, Lionel Lincoln, to the foot of this beacon, where you may gather warnings, which, if properly heeded, will guide you through many and great dangers unharmed."

"I am glad you have spoken," said Lionel, advancing to his side; "you appeared like a being of another world, wrapped in that mantle of fog, and I felt tempted to kneel, and ask a benediction."

"And am I not a being of another world! most of my interests are already in the grave, and I tarry here only for a space, because there is a great work to be done, which cannot be performed without me. My view of the world of spirits, young man, is much clearer and more distinct than yours of this variable scene at your feet. There is no mist to obstruct the eye, nor any doubts as to the colours it presents."

Major Lionel Lincoln, born in Boston, but heir to an English Baronetcy, a man of high rank and great fortune, who had sat in Parliament, and is a field-officer, (though somehow or other he is always wandering about without command, like a drummer's trull,) allows himself to be mystified by the two geniuses portrayed in this extract; and is indeed so completely overpowered by the oratory of the crazy man, and the oracles of the silly one, that he goes the length of abandoning his lovely bride, on the evening of his marriage, for the sake of a stroll to the beleaguering force, and of being made prisoner.

These things are all mighty absurd; and the story is, moreover, involved and unsatisfactory. There is an everlasting aim at forcible expression, and pathetic or appalling situation, but rarely successful: the former sinks into the ancient novel strain, and the latter rises into the strain ultra. Nor is Mr. Cooper happy in his subordinate characters. His English epicure, Captain Polwarth, breaking up his wooden leg to broil a turkey, is a rank caricature; and his Irish grenadier, Captain M'Fuse, little less exaggerated. Abigail, the mother of Job, is another palpable copy after the Scottish Wildfires—fires too wild for this author to catch. But that we may do him justice, we will quote what seems to be his best effort, and, with the death of Job, leave him to the patience of his readers. Lionel and his bride, who has sought him after his desertion with conjugal inveteracy, and through such scenes and adventures as no such woman ever sought or saw, having escaped from the rebels, get back to Boston:

"Without waiting for further objection, Ralph made a hurried gesture of compliance, and turning, he led the way, with his usual, swift footsteps, into the low and dark tenement of Abigail Pray. The commotion of the town had not yet reached this despoiled and neglected building, which was even more than ordinarily gloomy and still. As they picked their way, however, among the scattered hemp, across the scene of the preceding night's riot, a few stifled groans proceeded from one of the towers, and directed them where to seek its abused and suffering inmates. On opening the door of this little apartment, not only Lionel and Cecil paused, but even the immovable old man appeared to hesitate, in wonder."

[Why called immovable we do not know; for he is always in motion.]

"The heart-stricken mother of the simpleton was seated on her humble stool, busied in repairing some mean and worthless garments which had, seemingly, been exposed to the wasteful carelessness of her reckless child. But while her fingers performed their functions with mechanical skill, her contracted brow, working muscles, and hard, dry eyes, betrayed the force of the mental suffering that she struggled to conceal. Job still lay stretched on his abject pallet, though his breathing was louder and more laboured than when we last left him, while his sunken features indicated the slow but encroaching advances of the disease. Polwarth was seated at his side,

holding a pulse, with an air of medical deliberation; and attempting, every few moments, to confirm his hopes or fears, as each preponderated in turn, by examining the glazed eyes of the subject of his care.

"Upon a party thus occupied, and with feelings so much engrossed, even the sudden entrance of the intruders was not likely to make any very sensible impression. The languid and unmeaning look of Job wandered momentarily towards the door, and then became again fixed on vacancy."

Cecil advises Abigail to give up her sempstress occupations, and the scene thus proceeds:

"Throw aside these worthless rags," said Cecil, gently attempting to take the clothes, "nor fatigue yourself longer, at such a sacred moment, with unnecessary labour."

"Young lady, you little know a mother's longings; may you never know her sorrows! I have been doing for the child these seven-and-twenty years; rob me not of the pleasure, now that so little remains to be done."

"Is he then so old!" exclaimed Lionel, in surprise.

"Old as he is, 'tis young for a child to die! He wants the look of reason; heaven in its mercy grant that he may be found to have a face of innocence!"

"Hitherto Ralph had remained where he first stood, as if riveted to the floor, with his eyes fastened on the countenance of the sufferer. He now turned to Lionel, and in a voice rendered even plaintive by his deep emotion, he asked the simple question—

"Will he die?"

"I fear it—that look is not easily to be mistaken."

"With a step so light that it was inaudible, the old man moved to the bed, and seated himself on the side, opposite to Polwarth. Without regarding the wondering look of the captain, he waved his hand on high, as if to exhort to silence, and then gazing on the features of the sick, with melancholy interest, he said—

"Here, then, is death again! None are so young as to be unheeded; 'tis only the old that cannot die. Tell me, Job, what seest thou in the visions of thy mind—the unknown places of the damned, or the brightness of such as stand in presence of their God?"

"At the well-known sound of his voice, the glazed eye of the simpleton lighted with a ray of reason, and was turned towards the speaker, once more, teeming with a look of meek assurance. The rattling in his throat, for a moment increased, and then ceased entirely; when a voice so deep, that it appeared to issue from the depths of his chest, was heard, saying—

"The Lord wont harm him who never harm'd the creatures of the Lord!"

"Emperors and kings, yea, the great of the earth, might envy thee thy lot, thou unknown child of wretchedness!" returned Ralph—not yet thirty years of probation, and already thou throwest aside the clay! Like thee did I grow to manhood, and learn how hard it is to live; but like thee I cannot die!—Tell me, boy, dost thou enjoy the freedom of the spirit, or hast thou still pain and pleasure in the flesh? Dost see beyond the tomb, and trace thy route through the pathless air, or is all yet hid in the darkness of the grave?"

"Job is going where the Lord has hid his reason," answered the same hollow voice as before—"his prayers would be foolish any longer."

"Pray, then, for one aged and forlorn; who has borne the burden of life 'till Death has forgotten him, and who wearies of the things of earth, where all is treachery and sin. But stay, depart not, 'till thy spirit can bear the signs of

repentance from yon sinful woman, into the regions of day."

"Abigail groaned aloud; her hands again refused their occupation, and her head once more sunk on her bosom in abject misery. From this posture of self-abasement and grief, the woman raised herself to her feet, and putting aside the careless tresses of dark hair, which though, here and there, streaked with grey, retained much of their youthful gloss, she looked about her with a face so haggard, and eyes so full of meaning, that the common attention was instantly attracted to her movements."

[We avoid the *dénouement*, as it would destroy the story for such of our readers as may be inclined to peruse Lionel Lincoln.]

"When her voice ceased, so profound a silence reigned in the place, that the roar of the distant cannonade sounded close at hand, and even low murmurs of the excited town swept by, like the whisperings of the wind. Job suddenly ceased to breathe, as though his spirit had only lingered to hear the confession of his mother, and Pol-warth dropped the arm of the dead simpleton, unconscious of the interest he had so lately taken in his fate."

From these extracts it may be gathered, that though very unequal to the model on which it is fashioned, there is yet sufficient merit in this novel to render it interesting to the class of readers who seek amusement in such productions. It certainly violates all probability too far to excite sympathy; but some of its descriptions are spirited, and it will serve to while away a tedious hour as well as many of its contemporaries.

WADDINGTON'S VISIT TO GREECE.

We have no introductory remark to offer, on continuing our review of this excellent volume. The atrocities committed at Constantinople, serve as a fitting prelude to the Greek Revolution.

"Nov. 24.—A great part of the Turkish fleet came into harbour, and as soon as they were anchored, thirty Greek prisoners were hanged from the bowsprits of the different ships. This has been described to me by eye-witnesses as the most disgusting of the thousand spectacles of horror which had succeeded each other for so many months in this mighty theatre of crime and madness."

"Dec. 3.—The festival of the birth of Mahomet was celebrated with great splendour and humanity, for it was not ascertained that more than three Greeks (priests,) were immolated on that religious occasion."

"The Sultan did not return to the city for the winter till the 17th, as his favourite astrologers had predicted some evil to his person, if he left the country before that day."

"Most of these wretches are believed actually to have formed part of the crews of the Turkish ships, and to have been selected for execution in order to give an appearance of triumph to the return of the fleet."

"The author is not extenuating the acts of the Turkish government or rabble, but simply rescuing the truth from the exaggeration, which is thus pointed at in his outset."

"People have surely some right to complain, that after all the demands which continue to be made upon their purse and their enthusiasm, they are allowed to remain in complete ignorance of the real state of that country and that contest, in support of which they are sacrificing their money and their reason so liberally. Letters from Hermannstadt, and Semlin, and Cronstadt, and Odessa, dictated at Augsburg, Paris, and London, the three great mints of phil-hellenic meadery, have trifled too long with their hopes and their patience. So many sanguinary battles when no skirmishes ever joined, so many conquests when the sabre has never been drawn, so many details of heroism simply and purely fabulous, have at last driven many persons to the determination of believing nothing. From this incessant storm of forgery and falsehood, they seek their only refuge in utter incredulity. And this is one of the great evils which the false friends of freedom inflict upon the cause which they profess to advocate; human endurance is not proof against the rapid succession of their impudent impostures."

In 1822, "On the 11th of June, a plot was discovered for a general massacre of the Christians. Some soldiers, chiefly Yamaftas, who garrison the forts of the Bosphorus, and are the worst description of Mussulmen, had bought a great number of Greek clothes, which they had concealed in a butcher's shop in Constantinople; their intention was, in this disguise, to have assassinated so many Turks as to occasion a rumour, which at that moment would have been readily believed, that the Greek population was in insurrection; and this report would of course have led to a general order for pillage and massacre. This sanguinary plot, which had for its object the destruction of the lives and property of above one hundred thousand innocent persons, was discovered by the Janissary Aga, and of those proved to have been engaged in it, some were bastinadoed, and one only executed! Such lenity, at such a moment, displayed towards criminality so monstrous, amounted surely to a proclamation of impunity. Several murders were subsequently committed in Galata, and even in Pera, which called for the frequent remonstrances of the foreign ministers, and the British in particular, whose interference obtained another ineffectual Hatti-sheriff from the Sultan."

These horrible excesses were in some measure stopped by a proclamation, or Hatti-sheriff, against the Janizaries, "which," our author continues, "contained the following or similar expressions:

"Myself, and all the members of my court, profess to be Janissaries, according to the original institution of that corps; but if the word Janissary is to be held synonymous with that of thief, assassin, incendiary, I from that instant cease to be a member of such an institution, and disavow its existence. If, then, the Janissary Aga and his officers will come boldly forward to arrest the calamities which afflict the capital, I am contented; but if not, I am resolved to take up the two boys, my sons, and embark for some other place; leaving Constantinople to be ruled by those ruffians whose enormities make it a disgrace for me to continue on a throne, which has become the jest of villany and sedition, and the butt of foreign ridicule!" This energetic proclamation was attended by vigorous proofs of its sincerity. Numerous patrols immediately paraded the streets, and seized a variety of vagabonds who were not prepared for such interference; many were thrown into prison, others taken to the castle on the Bosphorus, where they were strangled, and others executed on the spot. One Hassan Bairadar, of the 21st Oda, who had committed great ravages in the Jewish quarter, resisting the patrol, was shot by them; his body (like that of the Patriarch) was delivered to certain Jews to drag down and throw into the sea. He was found possessed of one hundred and fifty thousand piastres in gold, and six valuable shawls. Other similar instances are on record, and upon the whole, about two hundred Turks are supposed to have suffered by this violent re-action of justice."

Pass we from Constantinople to Athens, where scenes of similar atrocity were perpetrated by both sides. The Turks had retired into the Acropolis, overpowered by numbers of the insurrection, who blockaded their ancient oppressors. At this period "it was ascertained that Omer Brioni, Pasha of Yanina, was on his march from Albania with several thousand men, directed against Athens, and was already far advanced. What resolution were its guilty inhabitants to adopt? To defend the weak and extensive walls of the town, while the citadel which commanded it was still in the enemy's possession, was an attempt promising little hope of preservation: to open their gates, to resign their arms, and abandon themselves to the clemency of the conqueror, was

only to take a shorter road to destruction. In this frightful emergency, the spirit of their ancestors came down to protect them; and whether it were that, through acquaintance with the most brilliant period of their history, they felt desirous to emulate one of the actions for which it is most celebrated,—or whether the same dangers suggested to them the same heroic means of preservation,—once more, and with one consent, they abandoned their houses, and their temples, and their tombs, and sought their antique asylum in the island of Salamis."

"† Omer Brioni occupied the solitude they had left him; and the three months which he passed there were employed in the devastation of the country, and the destruction of a considerable portion of the town. It is, perhaps, more fair to attribute these excesses to the native Turks, who had been infuriated by their blockade in the Acropolis, and by the loss of several of their companions, than to the foreigners who had accompanied the Pasha. I have even been assured that most of the Beys (which officers form, if I may so express myself, the military noblesse of the Turkish empire) behaved with great moderation, and maintained among their own troops a tolerable degree of discipline. Let us, then, direct the weight of our execrations on the Pasha, Omer Brioni, who encouraged the soldiers in those frequent excursions into the mountains and villages, which they called *Greek-hunts*, and in which they were but too successful; who permitted the victims whom they brought back with them,—aged shepherds, perhaps, or Calovers, or children, or women—to be butchered in the public places, or before the very doors of his own residence; and who upon one occasion, at least, ordered some of those wretches to be impaled, for no other existing reason than to oblige the monstrous caprice of the savages who had seized them."

"Having consumed all the resources of the country, Omer Brioni at last retired, leaving the Acropolis well supplied with provisions, and under the protection of its former defenders. These men, emboldened by frequent and easy successes, ventured to continue their Greek-hunts, after the departure of their companions, but no longer with the same impunity. On the 14th of November, a large party thus engaged in the groves of Academus, and along the banks of the Cephissus, perceived some peasants at a distance, whose flight encouraged their pursuit; they were advancing in full cry, and had already exceeded the usual limits of their excursion, when they suddenly found themselves in the presence of a large body of armed villagers. The order of the chase was instantly reversed; in the haunts of the tiger had at last been roused; and he proved as merciless in vengeance as his pursuers had been found savage in aggression. About five-and-twenty Turks were killed on this occasion, and the only one who was taken alive was instantly impaled on the spot."

"The Athenians are very proud of this affair, and call it the Battle of Calandri, from the name of the plain where it took place."

The Athenians now returned, and on the 24th of November resolved to attempt the citadel by surprise. "The assault was preceded, as in the days of Nicias and others, by a short harangue; so short, indeed, and so ungraced with Atticism, that we should be apt to mistake it for the address

"* A very small number, chiefly old men and women, remained behind; they were of course massacred instantaneously, and their bodies left to rot in the streets."

"† On the 31st of July."

"‡ The islanders were in fact, before the Revolution, known to the Turks by no other name than 'the Hares.'"

"§ Most of the Turks who escaped from this action returned to the city *sans culottes*; the importance derived from those dignified incumbrances had not been consulted in the hurry of flight, and great spoil of broad cloth is said to have been collected by the conquerors."

of some sturdy Enomotarch to his Laconian warriors. The words were exactly these, *Bpí Μανδρακούδαι*: *Θά εβγυμν μὲ ἀστρο πρὸς ὠρο ἢ μὲ χερσίν*; *Μὲ ἀστρο, Κατράνι παρ, μὲ ἀστρο*: and they are very nearly translated thus: "You bull-dogs, you! shall we come out of this affair with a clean face or with a foul one?" "With a clean face, captain, with a clean face!" was the enthusiastic response." The assault partially succeeded, and ultimately the garrison capitulated.* The history of this affair is extremely interesting, though closed with a tale of horror.

"From the night in which the well was taken, to the 22d of the following June, the day of their capitulation, the garrison, amounting in the first instance to about one thousand six hundred persons, with many horses and beasts of burden, had no other supply of water than that furnished by the cisterns of the citadel; and even this, in their certain expectation of the usual rains, they had consumed with little economy. In the mean time, the winter, and next the spring, was passing away, and not a shower had yet fallen. They watched every cloud, as it rose from the Egean sea, and came rolling towards them; and as it appeared to be approaching, they spread out their bowls and their sponges, extending their shawls and their turbans, and the very veils of their women, that no one precious drop might be lost, while the names of Allah and the Prophet were loudly and frequently invoked. Not one drop ever came to them. The clouds fell in abundant showers on the plains below, on the olives and the vineyards, on the neighbouring villages, and even once or twice on the very town of Athens; but they were invariably broken by the Acropolis, as if they shunned the red flag which was floating there.

"This is no fable; and persons, of course, are not wanting, who here discover the special interference of Providence. However that may be, the skies continued their partiality during a siege of seven months, and the Turks, diminished in numbers, enfeebled, and disheartened, at last capitulated. And here I must mention, to complete this extraordinary story, that, on the third day after their evacuation of the place, in the very driest and most improbable season, there fell a torrent of rain which deluged the Acropolis."

The story of the future fate of the prisoners must be reserved for our next Number.

"* Much is said of the humanity which Mussulmen display towards animals. A singular proof of it occurred during this siege. Finding them suffering from thirst, the besieged lowered down a number of asses, &c. into the hands of the enemy; choosing rather that they should live in the possession of the infidel than perish miserably with themselves. It is even more singular, that two of these animals were actually preserved alive to the end of the siege; their owners had probably some private supply of water, which they preferred to share with their beasts, rather than with their dying brethren. When the Greeks first obtained possession of the town, they commenced a terrible persecution of the Turks, driving them from the chimney-tops and old ruined columns, where they had enjoyed, under Mahometan protection, so many centuries of hereditary security. The sight of this barbarity is believed to have enraged the Turks even more than the destruction of their houses, and the violation of their mosques."

"† If so, we must recollect that precisely the same interference of Jupiter Capitolinus, exerted precisely in the same manner, placed the same Acropolis, some two thousand years ago, in the possession of Sylla 'the fortunate.' If the Greeks should ever accomplish their intention of erecting a temple in the style of antiquity, they will do well to dedicate it to Fortune."

SIGHTS OF BOOKS.

Burton. 12mo. 3 vols. London 1825. Newman.

With plenty of deaths and disasters, marryings in haste and repentings at leisure, *embarras*, intrigue, &c. &c. these volumes keep up a very tolerable interest, and may claim a respectable station in the class of literature to which they belong.

Bayart. A Poem. 2 vols. By Dureau de la Malle, Member de l'Institut Paris. 1824.

The name of Dureau de la Malle is respectable in literature, as connected with the best translation of Tacitus that exists in any language: it was by the father of the Poet, who was not a member of the Institute. We have read as much of Bayart as its narcotic qualities permitted, and the distinction by Piron between Crebillon, father and son, struck us as most aptly characterising the two Dureau de la Malle: The father is a great man, the son a great boy.—Le Père est un grand homme, le fils, un grand garçon.

Westminster Hall: or, Professional Relics and Anecdotes of the Bar, Bench, and Woolack. 3 vols. 12mo. London 1825. Knight & Lacy.

This compilation of legal history, biography, anecdotes, &c. &c. is neatly got up, and contains a mixture of as diversified a kind as can well be imagined. Time is annihilated between the various selections, which fly from Alfred to George III., and back and forwards among the Edwards, Henrys, Saxons, Stuarts, of all generations, as readily as if following a regular gradation of years. Nor is space more considered; for we have stories from all countries, including Ireland and Persia, Rome and China, Connecticut and Hindostan. But however arranged, the collection comprises much of entertaining extracts from larger works, and is amusing enough to take up and lay down again at pleasure. The vignettes are good, and the portraits and other ornaments add to the general interest. By an oversight, the story of Swift and Bettesworth is told twice in the same volume; an error not out of keeping, for the law is very much addicted to repetitions.

Cinquante Chants Français mis en Musique. Par Rouget de Lille.

Fifty French Songs set to Music. By Rouget de Lille. 1 vol. fol. pp. 209. Paris 1825.

It sometimes happens that the history of a work is more curious than the work itself, and such is the case with that now before us. M. Rouget de Lille was one of those Frenchmen who hailed the French Revolution with transport, but he saw only in its motive and its end the destruction of the abuses entailed on the nation by absolute power. He viewed in it the elevation of man to his proper dignity, and the annihilation of those principles which erected hereditary tyrants over hereditary slaves. But when the Revolution changed its form; when anarchy displayed all its horrors; when liberty ceased to exist but in name, Rouget de Lille expressed his detestation of those who governed only by the revolutionary axe, and escaped by a miracle alone from sharing the fate of these virtuous men who were immolated to satisfy the blood-thirsty Robespierre and his adherents. There was only one point on which he still continued in favour of the Revolution: he loved liberty—he wept over the horrors committed in its name—but he detested if possible still more the imposition of a foreign yoke. The threat of invasion roused him to action, and called forth both his pen and his sword. We scarcely need add, after this description, that he was the author of the famous *Marseillais Hymn*. He was at dinner with the Mayor of Strasburg when the Duke of Brunswick's proclamation was published, about the end of April, 1792. Enthusiasm was then at its height; the horrors of the 10th of August, and the still more horrible massacres of September, had not yet imprinted the ferocious character on the Revolution which it shortly afterwards assumed. The Mayor regretted that they had no song in favour of liberty to inspire their troops, and he suggested to Rouget de Lille

to compose one. He caught the inspiration, and in the night composed, with the aid of an old fiddle, the chorus and music of the most popular production of modern times. It was then intitled *Chant de l'Armée du Rhin*: it was inserted with the music in the Strasburg newspaper, and shortly after in every paper throughout France. It was called the *Marseillais Hymn*, from being sung by the Marseillais on their march to Paris.

The author was at Huningen when the news of the attack on the Thuilleries of the 10th of August arrived, he expressed his disapprobation of the measure, was cashiered and obliged to fly in disguise to save his head. While wandering in Alsace, a miserable fugitive, he heard a postilion flog his horses to the air of *Allons Enfants de la Patrie*, the first words of his song: he was soon after arrested, and remained in prison until the death of Robespierre, and he only appeared again on the theatre at the affair of Quiberon, where he was wounded.* A friend to liberty, he never bowed the knee to Buonaparte, and has always remained in an honourable indigence.

Some time since, M. Terneux, an eminent cloth manufacturer, and the *soi disant* Mécène of the friends of the Revolution, learning M. Rouget de Lille's situation, called on him and offered him a temporary aid, which was declined; but he was told that if he would patronize the publication of a work he had in hand, (a number of patriotic Songs which he had set to music) he should feel grateful. "Patronize it!" exclaimed Terneux, "certainly, my dear friend, I will advance you all the money for bringing it out, and I will procure you a thousand subscribers."—"That, Sir, is a great many."—"Oh, no; I have several travellers, and at every place they go to they shall sell my cloths and get you subscribers." Poor Rouget de Lille was overcome with gratitude, which inspired him with stanzas in favour of industry, in which Terneux was of course lauded to the skies. This was precisely what Terneux wanted; and having thus obtained the object of his ambition, and seen it inserted in a periodical, his patriotic zeal cooled. He did not advance a shilling; and as to subscribers, he procured ONE!!!

We have inserted this anecdote because it offers a fair sample of French patriotism, which has, in almost every case, private ambition and self-advancement for its end and aim. The French nation is even at this very moment ignorant of the first elements of civil liberty, and the anecdote of the two persons travelling to Lyons, in the height of the French Revolution, characterises the universal feeling that pervades Frenchmen. At that period, every man was a brother and a citizen, and one of our travellers, happening to fall short of cash on the road, applied to his companion to pay for him and he would reimburse him at Lyons. He refused. "Why—are we not brothers?" "Oh! yes, brother, but our purses are not sisters." The word *purse* is feminine in French.

Several of the Songs in this collection are by Rouget de Lille, the others are by the most eminent French lyric poets: the whole of the Music is composed by the chief author and editor, and displays a great fertility of imagination. A great master of the passions, he manages them at his pleasure; and the variety of his accents reminds us of Dryden's portrait of *Old Timotheus*: yet, with all those qualities, the success of his work may be doubted, as there are parts not unlikely to provoke the police dampers.

* He is now occupied on a relation of this affair, which failed from the ignorance of Paisaye and St. Morys, who commanded the emigrants. Their anxiety to save the military chest made them lose the battle and the chest also.



ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.
LETTERS FROM PARIS.

Paris, Feb. 17 1825.

Les Memoires de Madame la Comtesse de Genlis, for which *Ladvoat*, the bookseller, has given forty thousand francs! are soon to appear. They are impatiently desired by all the lovers of gossip and scandal. The family of Madame de Genlis is exceedingly opposed to this publication, and has made a thousand ineffectual efforts for its suppression. The Countess is impelled, no doubt, by powerful motives, among which the public hate the love of notoriety, the love of vengeance, and the love of money. Certainly, the love of family must be strong to resist and to vanquish such an union of affections. At all events, it appears that a considerable number of personages still living, as well as the forgotten dead, will be most severely treated in these Memoirs.

The edition of a *Selection of the Works of English classic Authors*, printed by Didot, published by Galignani, and edited by Mr. Washington Irving, promises to be a good speculation. The habit of reading, and even speaking English, is quite the order of the day; and the work is what you call, in London, well got up, and much cheaper than the English editions. But every body is surprised that Mr. Irving should put himself at the head of such an enterprise. An American in Paris, editing British Works, is a sort of anomaly amounting here to a positive scandal. Such a life, it is said, is neither dignified nor patriotic. *Que Sir Walter Scott publie les Ouvrages des Auteurs Anglais cela se conçoit*, mais, that an American should pass his time in increasing British fame and enriching French commerce, *cela ne se conçoit pas*.

La Galerie Lithographée de S. A. R. Mons. le Duc d'Orleans, has great vogue. The gallery is one of the richest; the selection and the execution are confided to the best judges and the first artists; the explanatory text is written either by M. C. Delavigne, Librarian to the Duke, or by M. Vatout, his Secretary, and enriched by curious anecdotes and historical quotations.

Few works have had such a sale as Dulaure's *Paris*. The third edition is announced by subscription; and Baudouin has already several thousand subscribers.

The preference of M. Thevenir, as successor to the lamented Girodet, in the Academy of Fine Arts, has surprised those who supposed that it was sufficient for M. Horace Vernet to appear in the ranks, for all the Members to have received him with acclamations.

The Carnival has had fine weather, but not the public support: thank God! we begin to be ashamed of such stupid profanity. The Masked Ball at the Opera, on Sunday, was crowded: but not as formerly, by the *haute société*; young men of a certain class, and *des dames de vertu équivoque*, filled the house, vacated by persons of rank and fortune.

Mademoiselle Mars has re-appeared as well as Miss Foote, and with not less applause. Actresses seem to be the most popular personages of the day. *La chronique scandaleuse assure au reste*, that, besides the consolation of shouts and clappings, Mademoiselle Mars has the more solid support of private and faithful friendship; in other words, that *l'ami absent a été remplacé par un ami présent*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.
ROYAL INSTITUTION.

Dr. ROGET, in his third lecture, gave an account of the structure and formation of some of the appendages to the skin, which, from their total want of sensibility and of distinguishable vascularity, as well as from their chymical composition, have been generally regarded as allied to

the cuticle. They are, for the most part, intended to protect the skin and subjacent parts from injury, though they are occasionally subservient to purposes of offence and defence, and sometimes to those of progressive motion. But however they may differ in their forms, uses, and external appearance, they all take their origin from the same kind of pulpy structure, composed partly of a congeries of vessels, and partly of a gelatinous substance, in which these vessels are imbedded. The different modes in which the future figure and extent of these productions are determined by the original form, situation, and disposition of the vascular pulp from which they grow, were pointed out, and severally explained. The general results of their chymical analysis were stated—more particularly in those points in which they stand distinguished from the parts which perform an analogous office in the lower orders of animals.

Hair is the natural investment provided for the mammalia, and is almost exclusively confined to that class of animals. Its mode of growth from a minute vascular pulp, situated within the interior surface of the corium, or true skin, where it derives its nourishment from a set of vessels, distinct from those which nourish and repair the epidermis, was detailed at length. The structure of the bulb of the hair was fully described. It is composed of a pulpy and vascular portion, and an investing capsule, from which the root of the hair proceeds; and is itself contained in a sheath of condensed cellular membrane, which invests it on all sides, and forms a tube for the passage of the shaft of the hair through the skin. These several parts were represented by drawings on a large scale, by which their structure and connections were rendered intelligible. Many curious particulars were stated as the result of microscopical observations on hair: the various opinions entertained by physiologists, as to their consisting of bundles of filaments; as to their being tubular, or containing a central pith; and as to the inequalities of their surface, whereby they admit of the operation of *felting*, the foundation of so many useful arts, were discussed. The chymical properties of hair, though in general similar to those of horn, were stated to differ in some respects from the latter. The colour of hair appears to be derived from two kinds of oil, discovered by Vauquelin, and separable from it by alcohol. The black colour of hair is owing to the predominance of iron as a colouring material in these oils, while an excess of sulphur imparts a yellow or orange tint to the hair. The different proportions in which the component parts exist in hair, produce various modifications in its mechanical properties of cohesion, density, and elasticity. The electric and hygrometric properties of hair were next adverted to; and the results of the experiments of De Saussure, and of Bryan Robinson, on this subject were stated. Various circumstances were also detailed respecting the growth and regeneration of hair, and the changes in colour which it undergoes in different states of the system. The diversities of structure that are met with in the hair of different tribes of mammalia were next noticed: the more complete structure of the larger hairs that compose the whiskers of some animals—such as those of the cat kind, and of the seal—was described: and the gradation pointed out by which we are conducted to the bristles and quills of the wild boar, of the hedgehog, and of the porcupine.

Dr. ROGET next gave an account of the structure and formation of the claws, nails, hoofs, and other analogous appendages to the feet of quadrupeds; and of the modifications they receive during their growth from the nature of the vascular pulp from which they proceed, and the mode

in which the horny materials composing them are deposited. The peculiarities in the growth of horn in the ruminant tribes were described, and contrasted with those of the horns of the rhinoceros on the one hand, and the deciduous antlers of the deer tribe on the other, which are often improperly denominated horns. An outline was given of circumstances attending the periodical development of these singular productions—the history of their rapid increase—of the branching forms they assume—of the subsequent obliteration of their vessels, and removal of their investing membranes—and of their final separation from the bones of the head, after a certain period has elapsed, altogether compose one of the most curious and interesting subjects in animal physiology. Such is the extraordinary vigour in the powers of nutrition displayed at these periods by the circle of vessels at the basis of the bone, that the antler of a stag, weighing thirty pounds, will be completely formed in ten weeks. The horns of the camelopardalis present us with an example in which a process is commenced similar to that of the antler in the deer, but is arrested when it has effected the growth of bone to a certain length, and is not followed by the obliteration of the vessels, and the consequent denudation and loss of the horn, which therefore remains as a permanent structure.

Dr. ROGET concluded by noticing the extensive chain of analogy which may be traced in the development of all these organs, and also of other parts which are void of sensibility—such as the teeth of animals, the tusks of the elephant, and the more complex processes employed for the formation of feathers, scales, and shells—which he announced his intention of explaining in the ensuing lecture.

FRIDAY, FEB. 25.—Proceeding from the Medico-legal questions that arise out of assassination, to those connected with Suicide, Dr. SMITH considered that a medical man, if otherwise intelligent, and possessing a tolerable sharp acuteness, would often be able to discriminate between cases of the one description and those of the other. In alluding to the charge brought against his brethren, of being divested, by familiarity with distress, of some of those susceptibilities that operate upon others, he argued that they should be impervious to prejudice and clamour, and incapable of being swayed by so volatile an impulse as we frequently see agitating the public mind. The duty of the medical jurist is, never to reconcile the appearances found in a dead body to any current story concerning the case, but to draw from these the most evident or most probable inferences, as to their cause, that scientific knowledge will suggest or approve of. In illustration of this subject, he referred to the story of Lord Essex, in the reign of Charles II., concerning the manner of whose death there was, perhaps, less diversity of opinion than of explanation. Bishop Burnet apparently siding with that which laid it to the deceased's own charge, while, by way of confirmation, he quotes a medical opinion which is irreconcilable with such a conclusion. Dr. SMITH also noticed the statement of Sir Everard Home, respecting the attack upon an illustrious personage, which contains a very curious exemplification of the nature of medical proofs in similar cases, and a striking testimonial in favour of the importance of such investigations.

Sometimes a professional opinion is sought as to the length of time that may have elapsed since the death of a person, whose body has been found under doubtful circumstances; and a very striking exemplification of this was quoted from Dr. Male's work,* where a commission of bankruptcy was

* Elements of Juridical Medicine, p. 92.

superseced by the verdict of a jury, which decided, upon the evidence of Sir G. Gibbs, that certain changes in the body must have taken a longer period to make their appearance than had elapsed from the date of the commission—consequently, that the subject of it could not have been alive when it was issued. This turned upon the fact, that animal fibre becomes converted into a fatty substance resembling spermaceti, by lying a certain time in water; and that to produce it in any quantity requires a definite period.

Occasionally a very important question, as to the succession to property, depends on ascertaining the fact of survivorship, among several persons dying together, as by one common accident, such as shipwreck, &c. Illustrations were quoted from the evidence now and then required to establish the right of tenancy by courtesy of law, in cases of the death of both mother and son in child-bed; * from the curious case of the battle of the Danes,† and the litigations that arose out of the loss of the family of General Stanvix, who were all drowned on their passage to Ireland, and of Colonel James and his lady, who perished in the wreck of the Grosvenor Indianan, on the coast of Africa.‡

Dr. Smith next alluded to the subject of Infanticide, for the purpose of protesting against the practice (which has lately prevailed) of discrediting the proofs of vitality in the new-born infant, as afforded by physiological research. He admitted the difficulties with which the subject is surrounded, and threw the original blame of misleading the judiciary authorities on the medical profession itself; but, as the matter is one of fact, he deprecated censure to those who, in the performance of a disagreeable duty, unavoidably arrived at inferences unfavourable to the accused, § at the same time paying a just tribute to the humanity that prevails in our courts towards those unfortunate females who are brought to the bar, under accusation of a dreadful crime, which, in Dr. S.'s own opinion, is rarely committed.

There are many physical questions that attract the notice of tribunals, and require the lights of medical science, not at all connected with destruction to life. There used formerly to be a great deal of trouble with injuries not fatal—as the old law phrase of cutting and maiming, the pleas that now and then arose out of the celebrated Coventry act, and some others, evinced. These are reduced to a very narrow compass by that modification of the law which assigns the criminality of a deed to the *intent* rather than the *result*. But these are very important physical considerations, not (directly at least) connected with criminal inquiries at all—such as disqualifying an individual for the exercise of social or civil functions. In this country these are chiefly restricted, as far as they admit of general reference, to marriage, military service, and the care of one's own person and interests.

Dr. Smith confined himself to a remark or two on Insanity, as connected with the last of these. Waiving all attempt to give a history of the disease, or to examine into the modifications or divisions assigned to it, either by lawyers or medical men, he considered, that in forming an opinion as to the fact of a person's derangement, the latter, if duly intelligent and judicious, must possess advantages in the identification, as well as in the cure of the malady; and in estimating the state of the person labouring under it, there are many most important points to which professional men alone can speak, and upon which the authorities must refer to them.

* There was a remarkable case nearly twenty years ago, decided in the Court of Exchequer, *Fishers v. Palmer*.

† Causes célèbres.

‡ Paris and Farblanque.

§ This relates to a circumstance that took place on the western circuit, at the last assizes.

All the real infirmities of human nature may be imputed, or pretended, where they do not exist. Dr. Smith next introduced a few remarks on Impositions—consisting chiefly in feigned diseases now, but formerly embracing a much wider range of practice. Medical men in charge of public establishments, especially those in the army and navy, meet with much curious illustration in the art of deceiving; and were the history of the Mendicity Society made known, perhaps the public might derive amusement, if not benefit—even these impostors are now less common (at least in London) than used to be the case.

The Lecturer having exceeded the limits originally assigned to Forensic Medicine, proceeded now to a rapid outline of the second great branch of Political Medicine—termed Medical Police.

He began with some remarks upon the circumstance of general health being much under the influence of climate, and considered that we possess many advantages in that of our own country, where indeed it is ascertained that invalids who, till lately, were in the habit of wandering to continental countries in search (too often a vain one) of prolonged existence, may find the benefits of adequate temperature, combined with the comforts of English accommodation. With regard to the atmosphere, it is occasionally charged with deleterious bodies that do not enter into its composition—as the emanation from marshy surfaces, or from other infecting sources, contained in the soil of particular places, that give to them an unhealthy character—a fact sufficiently illustrated in the aguish parts of certain counties in England.

These, and other natural phenomena, that affect the salubrity of countries and situations, ought to be kept in view when forming new establishments; and should be corrected, as far as wealth, power, and industry can be made available for such a purpose, in places already the abode of crowds, and the site of property and interests too stupendous to be arbitrarily removed. Camps, barracks, and all buildings in which great numbers are to be congregated—as in manufactories, and public institutions of various kinds; and especially where the inmates, by necessary restriction or confinement, are cut off from the advantage of regular escape from an atmosphere, or other agents, unfavourable to health—as in hospitals and prisons—the choice of situation should be carefully attended to. In the mode of constructing buildings of every description, particular attention should be paid to facilities for supplying fresh air, and promoting cleanliness. Even in towns, much might be done in this way; and where there is abundant space, inattentiveness to these, and similar matters, is unpardonable.

The great advantages resulting from such attentions (united with others), are strikingly exemplified in the revolution that has taken place in naval economy. Of itself, few situations can be imagined more calculated to impair health than long residence on board of ship; and the annals of no very distant period tell many a deplorable tale of suffering. Now, the mortality of seafaring life is perhaps below that of *terra firma*, owing to unremitting attention in regard to health police.

The discipline of prisons is very much a matter of Medical Police. In alluding to the questions of the tread-wheel, Dr. Smith did not seem inclined to give an uncalled for opinion; but he placed the matter, with respect to the employment of females, in a new point of view. He supposed the case of the prison being on fire, and the effect that the sight of the women working the engines would present—an exercise by no means so likely to do injury, as the other application of *feminine power*.

A few remarks were added on the mismanage-

ment of churches, a circumstance unfavourable to health. They are damp; and not only so, but, being often shut up during the week, unwholesome emanations collect about the floors and walls, which, where there are stoves, are thereby frequently assisted in their noxious tendency, being thrown into greater activity by the fires being kindled a short time only previous to the arrival of the congregation.

ASTRONOMY.

Evening Amusements for March.

For telescopic observation during this month, the most beautiful object in the Heavens will be the Via Lactea. Those who have never contemplated this phenomena through a powerful glass, can form but very imperfect conceptions of the wonders which it contains. Here the myriads of minute stars almost surpass credibility; and we never knew an individual, while witnessing this scene for the first time, fail to express the greatest admiration and astonishment. The most brilliant collection is that in the hand of Perseus; and here the field of the glass will display at a single glance nearly as many stars as can be clearly discerned by the naked eye in the whole of the Celestial Hemisphere. Dr. Herschell observed fifty thousand pass his telescope within the space of an hour, beside many others that were too indistinct to be calculated; and yet these minute orbs may be, indeed it is very probable that they are, larger than some which, from their closer approximation to us, we denominate of the first magnitude. Several of the stars in the hand of Perseus are exceedingly bright, and the whole literally glows with light. Its situation this month is favourable for our evenings. On the 15th day, at 8^h 30^m, the Via Lactea will extend from the horizon due south in the prow of Argo Navis, and passing between Canis Major and Canis Minor, through the head of Monoceros, the arm and club of Orion, the feet of the Twins, the legs and part of the body of Auriga; through Perseus, the body of Cassiopeia, the head of Cepheus, and the tail of Cygnus, (Arided the α at its lowest depression,) will descend below the horizon due north. Clusters of very minute stars may be seen about the head of Canis Major and the head of Monoceros. Several beautiful combinations may also be found in Auriga and the bodies of Perseus and Cassiopeia. The nebula in Andromeda, NW.; the nebula in Orion's sword, SW.; the nebula in Hercules, NE. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. will prove very interesting objects for observation. A fine cluster of nebula may also be seen in the hind parts of Leo, about 10 degrees to the eastward of Regulus, and nearly midway between that star and the β in the extremity of the tail. Several nebulous stars appear to the SE. of the δ of Auriga. During this month, the Sun passes from the constellation Aquarius into Pisces; and on the 31st day will be near the δ of Pisces. The Earth passes from the constellation Leo into the constellation Virgo, and at the close of the month will be between 10 and 11 degrees to the westward of Spica.

Phases of the Moon.

○ Full Moon	4 ^h 30 ^m
☾ Last Quarter	11 2 25
● New Moon	19 4 23
☽ First Quarter	27 3 10

Mars, on the 20th day, at 16^h 43^m; Venus, on the 23rd day, at 7^h 25^m (this will be very interesting); Saturn, on the 24th day, at 12^h 23^m; and Jupiter, again, on the 29th day, at 19^h; making a complete revolution. Mercury passes from the tail of Capricornus into Pisces, and will be in Sup. \odot on the 26th day, at 18^h 15^m; he is consequently invisible to us throughout the month.

March 25, ♀ (Venus) culminates . . . 2^h 47^m
— sets NW. $\frac{1}{2}$ W. 10 51

This beautiful planet is nightly increasing in brilliancy, and will be at her greatest elongation on the 8th day, showing only half of her illuminated side, like the Moon in her first quarter. On the 6th day, will pass the β and γ of Aries; and on the 10th day, will form an isosceles triangle with α and β of Aries. Her situation at the close of the month, near the Pleiades, and forming a beautiful combination with Saturn and the Hyades, will be found particularly interesting. Venus, during the month, passes from the western boundary of Aries into Taurus.

March 25, ♂ (Mars) culminates . . . 0^h 5^m
— sets W. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. $\frac{1}{2}$ N. 7 40

Mars is in the constellation Pisces throughout the month; on the 14th day it will pass δ , and on the 17th day, the ϵ .

March 35, ♃ (Jupiter) culminates . . . 8^h 6^m
— sets 16 1

Jupiter is in the constellation Cancer, with a regressive motion till the 30th day, when he becomes stationary: his situation near a cluster of minute stars is interesting. The eclipses of his Satellites visible in our latitude before midnight are—

1st Sat.	2d Sat.	3d Sat.	4th Sat.
Emerisons.	Emerisons.	D. H. M. S.	D. H. M. S.
4 9 38	22 7 10	4 17 7 56 47Em.	9 8 11 36 Im.
11 11 4 3	29 9 47	22 24 8 22 42 Im.	
20 2 27 21		24 11 55 56Em.	9 12 51 7Em.
27 9 22 21			

March 25, ♄ (Saturn) culminates . . . 3^h 50^m
— sets 11 39

Saturn in the constellation Taurus, with a small progressive motion; at the commencement of the month will be near a small star of the 6th magnitude, between Hyades and Pleiades.

March 21, ♈ (Georgian) rises . . . 15^h 20^m
— culminates 19 19

The Georgian, with a small progressive motion, is in Sagittarius, above the archer's right arm.

On the 15th day, at 9^h, the constellations on the meridian are:—the compass and mast, in Argo Navis; the head of Hydra, Cancer, and the head of Ursa Major; part of Cygnus and the α of Cepheus, at their lowest depression north.

Extract of a Letter from M. Fontanier, a traveller in Asia, to M. Jaubert, Member of the Section of Correspondence of the Society of Geography of Paris.

Teheran, 5th August, 1824.

I GLADLY seize the first opportunity that has presented itself to me of replying to your letter of the 24th March, in which you did me the honour to communicate to me the questions which the Society of Geography has been pleased to address to me. Those persons who have remained for some time in Asia, take back with them to Europe so different an idea of that country from what they before entertained, that I have been much surprised both at the precision of the questions proposed to me by the Society, and also at the manner in which they are adapted to the countries which I have formed the intention of visiting. There are, however, a few points that appear to me to be omitted, and which I think of some considerable importance, inasmuch as they serve to explain both the mode of government in Asia, and the revolts of the inhabitants, which are of an entirely different nature from European revolutions. I allude to the history of the wandering tribes, respecting which we are as yet entirely in the dark: we neither know the mode of succession to the chief command, nor the manner of imposing public contributions, nor the mode of levying troops, in use among those

tribes. It is true, that the Europeans in Persia are very destitute of books: at the same time, the best works that have been published on the subject of Asia are to be found there. We possess the works of Chardin, Malcolm, and Morier; but if we do find the names of tribes occasionally mentioned in these works, it is merely when they cite some particular individual, and never in order to enter into any details respecting their organization, which organization is, in my opinion, common to almost the entire of Asia. Another circumstance that has not been sufficiently investigated is, the state of science in Persia. What would be said, for instance, if it were to be discovered that the Persians have had an exact idea of the system of the world before ourselves—that before the Europeans had any knowledge on the subject, the Persians were acquainted with the theory of the fixed position of the sun, of the motion of the planets, and with the theory of eclipses, and that they possessed means of calculating them much more simple than those we are in the habit of using? Still more—what would you say if I were to inform you that the theory of animal magnetism was known by the inhabitants of the East long before it was thought of in Europe—that there are people in Asia who make the practice of that theory their profession—and that those persons are persecuted by the Mollahs? In fine, there are several questions respecting that country that remain to be resolved, and which are very worthy of fixing the attention of travellers.

A similar Letter from M. de Beaufort, a traveller in the Interior of Africa, to M. Jomard, President of the Central Committee of the Society of Geography of Paris, dated Bakel, 27th September, 1824, states, among other things, as follows:

You will, I dare say, be surprised to learn how little Bakel is elevated above the level of the sea: the mercury keeps its place between 0.757 and 7600, which gives at the utmost 100 metres (a metre 39 inches), and it is 60 leagues distance from the nearest point of the coast: that easily accounts for the stagnation of the neighbouring waters during three parts of the year, and also for the inundations when the waters rise. With a view to the interests of commerce, I have made some excursions into Bandou; and I ascended the Falemé far beyond the point where former travellers came to a stop. I met in the upper parts some gold-washers; and, after having submitted to different experiments the blackish powder with which the gold is invariably accompanied, and which was shown to Mr. Park under the name of *gold-rust*, I ascertained it to be a *menachanite titanium** in small chrystals, united with a small quantity of *oxide of manganese*. This excursion has presented to my observation more interesting facts relative to geology than in any other respect.

I am about to send some of the fruit of the butter-tree to H. E. the Minister of the Interior. This tree appears to belong to the family of the *terebinthaceæ*, and, at the same time, resembles the nut-tree very closely. I have also observed, that in planting it, it must not be expected to grow quickly, nor be entirely given up should it make no progress for five or six months, since the latter tree does not begin to grow until after two years. If I can procure any of the fruit of this year I shall send them immediately, and with every possible precaution.

* It would be more correct to call it a *titanium*, analogous to that which is known by the name of *menachanite*, a mineral which generally admits into its composition a small quantity of *manganese*.—Note of the Compiler.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 25.—At a congregation on Wednesday last, the following degrees were conferred:

Doctor in Divinity.—The Rev. A. S. Wade, St. John's College, vicar of St. Nicholas, Warwick.
Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Harvey, Pembroke Hall; Rev. F. Sygne, St. Peter's College.
Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. T. Best, Jesus College.
Bachelors of Arts.—W. Whitter, St. Peter's; W. P. Moffet, Queen's; F. C. Fowler, Jesus; J. Vernon, Emmanuel; E. R. Edgar, Downing College.

At the above congregation a grace passed the Senate, to confer the degree of LL. D. on William Freyre, Esq., Master of Downing College, by royal mandate.

A grace to confirm the report made by the syndicate appointed to examine Mr. Dodwell's collection of drawings, and to purchase the same out of the university chest, was rejected by 49 to 13.

At a numerous meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, held on Monday last, a notice was read by Professor Cumming, on the subject of the conversion of cast iron into plumbago, by the action of sea water: a specimen of plumbago formed in this manner was furnished by Mr. Alderson, of Pembroke College, which formed part of the iron grove of a patent log belonging to the ship *Zoroaster*, of Hull. A very interesting paper was read by Mr. Airy, of Trinity College, on a mal-conformation of the eye, the refraction in a plane nearly verticle being greater than in the others: the distortion of the images produced by this cause, the eye being naturally short-sighted, was corrected by a lens, with one surface concave and spherical, and the other concave and cylindrical; its axis being at right angles to the plane of greatest refraction. The commencement of a paper was read by Professor Sedgwick, on the essential distinction between *alluvial* and *diluvial* deposits; the completion of which was deferred to another meeting. The next meeting of the society takes place on Monday the 7th of March.—*Cambridge Chronicle*.

OXFORD, Feb. 26.—On Wednesday last, the Rev. E. P. Cooper, Fellow of St. John's College, was admitted to the Degree of Bachelor in Divinity; and, on the same day, E. Deighton, Esq. of Exeter College, to that of Master of Arts, grand compounder.

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH GALLERY.

No. 70. The Arch-Angel Michael contending with Satan for the Dead Body of Moses. *J. Wood*.—We have had occasion to notice the works of this young adventurer in the School of Classic Art, and to remark that his talents were of a kind to insure success; but this is to be understood only in so far as success is concerned with excellence;—for other advantages, of patronage and reward, he must be content with the lottery chance that awaits this department, which, in the prevailing public taste, must be many blanks to a prize. The subject under notice, however, is not one of Mr. Wood's best efforts; its principal merit is in a fluent pencil and an harmonious tone of colour. As much of the body of Moses as appears, is too common place, and the back of the figure of Satan too sudden and abrupt, and almost amounting to a separation of the parts. But these are lapses in the progress of the Artist's practice, which will always be allowed for by those who know its difficulties.

41. Greek Shepherds rescuing a Lamb from a Vulture. *James Severn*.—An incident very curious to have witnessed, and one which might figure in narration; but it falls short of interest on the canvass. Artists would do well to con-

sider what are proper subjects for the pencil.* The Scripture story of the ewe lamb would suffer from any attempt to represent it in picture; but "Thou art the man," is a legitimate subject of Art. In the treatment of the affair under notice, the danger to the animal is as much in appearance from the fall, as from the claws of the Vulture. The Artist, however, has shown talents which may enable him to enter upon the task of Historical Painting with very fair pretensions.

354. The Favourite Haunt of my Youth. *John Glover*.—This scene is associated with the quiet and stillness of all that is characteristic of repose—the umbragous shelter, the indicated motion of the cattle, indolent and secure. Such are the sentiments which this Favourite Haunt is calculated to inspire. It is one of those pleasing scenes, the sight of which is well suited to calm the perturbation of passion or relieve the sadness of the heart. The execution of the picture is in perfect unison with the tranquillity of the subject.

170. The Discovery. *Wm. Watts*.—A picture of this class (of which this is, perhaps, the sequel) appeared in a former Exhibition, in which the character of the soldier was given as the audacious and successful rival to the surprised and honest country lad. The Discovery, we are led to expect, will turn out favourable for the Lass's future welfare. The circumstance of finding the glove by the Father, is not to be parried by any subterfuge or excuse, at least that a rustic girl can bring forward. The painting is, we think, a little too woolly and indistinct in its execution; but in character and effect, as well as in harmony of colouring, it is highly creditable to the abilities of the Artist.

47. The Shepherd's Visit. *A. Fraser*.—Is of the same class with the above; that is to say, of a domestic character; and we are brought to suppose it is a welcome visit. The subject has, however, been evidently chosen to give an opportunity for displaying the talents of the Artist, in depicting an interior of a Cottage, with its accompaniments of picturesque furniture, &c. executed with the same skill which Mr. Fraser, displayed in his former pictures. The figures are not without interest; but it is rather derived from their management as a whole, than from any sentiment to distinguish them.

* [We are gratified by receiving so well expressed an approbation of our sentiments, as is contained in the following Letter; which we insert, as conveying wholesome advice to Artists.—Editor.]

Sir,—In your Gazette of the last week, I read with the greatest pleasure your objections to those examples of Art, that depict the unseemly accidents and most vulgar occupations of life. I have for a considerable time repelled this deplorable taste, both in professors and purchasers; and if it be continued, there is no judging to what a state of degradation the Art of Painting may descend; and it may become a reproach rather than an honour to the country.

To stimulate the mind and virtues of man, should be the object of art, and to lay before the world subjects for imitation, that may at once amuse, instruct, and excite the best energies of human nature. I am far from wishing to see the pencil entirely devoted to heroic or great historical subjects; humble and familiar life are replete with incidents worthy of delineation: for, by illustrating domestic morals, approving followers may be gained, and, by displaying the great face of Nature, in her serene and awful aspects, may lead the aspirations of the heart to Nature's God.

To record vice, as a beacon to warn the spectator, is certainly useful; but the most agreeable and salutary pursuit, is to bring forth images, amiable, beautiful, and improving.

I shall conclude with the words of Xenophon:

Αλλὰ μὴν καὶ οὐ καὶ δίκαιον, καὶ ὁσιον, καὶ ἡδὺν τῶν ἀγαθῶν πολλὴν ἢ τῶν κακῶν μνησθῆναι. *Λαβὲ*

And remain, with respect, Yours, M. M.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

STANZES.

Had I a boat on some fairy stream,
There would I sail in the morning's beam;
I'd entwine its mast with wreaths of flow'rs,
And besteer'd on my way by the laughing Hours;
Young Love should supply my favoring gales,
And Hope breathe soft on my silken sails.
Then I'd hide thee, love, 'neath a veil of dew,
That no eye save mine should e'er glance thro';
And I'd fondly deck thy tresses dark
With the glow-worm's bright and fairy spark,
And weave a halo around thy head,
Like that by the lunar rainbow shed.
Thy gossamer robe, in its airy flow,
Should bear the hue of the Alpine snow—
Of the rose's blush should be thy vest,
That paly rose which maids love best!
With a zone of the butterfly's tinted wing,
For thou art as fair and as bright a thing.

J. S. P.

THE ESCAPED CONVICT.

He trod his native land,
The bright land of the free;
His forehead wore a seared brand—
Impress of infamy!
His brow—where youth and beauty met—
Yes, there the seal of guilt was set.
He gas'd upon the vale,
Where spring-tide flow'rets slept,
Rock'd by the whispers of the gale;
He saw it—and he wept:
Like drops which page a storm they came,
Tears born in agony and shame.

Morn sat upon the hills,
But she look'd cold and dim;
Clouds, like a pall which death conceals,
Hung frowning there on him:
All, e'en his lov'd, his mother land,
Scowl'd on his forehead, and the brand.
My sire! my sire! he groan'd;
My home! my lovely one!—
What sire! he hath his child disown'd!—
What home? I—I have none:
I hear all curse—I see all shun;
Yet curse not you! not you—your son!

I saw her struck, whose cheek
Did myriads sweets disclose; [speak—
Whose eyes, whose form—but wherefore
I saw!—my heart-blood rose:
She lov'd me—she was sworn my bride;
I stabb'd the Striker, and he died!

For this—the record lies,
Fest'ring upon my brow;
For this—the rabble mock'd my cries;
For this—shame haunts me now:
For this—half rotted I must be,
Ere my dead brow from stain is free.

My own, my beauteous land,
Land of the brave—the high;
I ask'd but this, of Fate's stern hand—
To see thee, and to die!

O yes, my country, let me be,
In my last hour—in death—with thee.

The Moon look'd on the vale,
Wearing her starry wreath,
And soft display'd a form, that, pale,
Lay there alone—with death:
The Zephyrs drew a length'ned sigh,
And slow the Convict's corse pass'd by.

'Twas said, that lovely night,
A Spirit Youth was seen,
Gliding among the flow'rets bright,
The trees, and meadows green;
And chiefly by a cot; and there
It wept, and melted into air.

C. S.—N.

Manchester.

DRAMA.

THE Italian Opera commenced on Tuesday evening, at the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, under the disadvantages of a limited space for representation, and a thin but fashionable audience. Considering the inconveniences of such a theatre for such an exhibition, it must be admitted, that this commencement was good. The sweet Opera of *Le Nazze di Figaro*, with such supporters as *Ronzi de Begnis* and *Vestris*, could not but be attractive; and the dancing of all the nameable exhibitors was graceful and dexterous. Madame *Ronzi Vestris* was particularly applauded, and the justness and animation of her movements, and the elegance of her attitudes, entitled her to the best notice of the spectators. God save the King was sung with great spirit; the Solos by *Mesdames De Begnis, Vestris*, and *Caradori*. Thus the actual existence of the Italian Opera saves us from the discredit which its dreared non-revival for this year, would have attached to us, at least throughout all the territory of the Holy Alliance; and the predicted Gothicism of poor England is deferred.

COVENT GARDEN.

ON Monday evening a new Melodrama was produced at this Theatre, called "Father and Son; or, The Rock of La Charbonniere." It is founded upon a story, or rather upon two stories mixed together, which appeared some short time ago in the French newspapers; and looking at the incidents as they were there detailed, we see no reason why they should not have been turned to some account, and made as applicable to stage purposes as many other subjects, not less objectionable, have lately been, and that with the most marked success. That we should have to notice a total failure, must therefore be attributed to the incapacity of the author, who has not exhibited the slightest degree of talent, either in the arrangement of his matter—the development of his characters—the language he has made them speak—or the catastrophe of his plot. After so decided an opinion upon the demerits of this little piece, it will be but fair to detail the principal events as they succeed each other on the stage; and this we shall endeavour to do as clearly and as briefly as possible.—In the family of the *Count St. Angerville* are a son (*Victor*), a daughter (*Violette*), and a ward (*Amy*). The latter, with a large fortune, has been entrusted to his care by a dying friend; but the Count being a man of expense, has dissipated the whole of her property. The breach of trust thus committed he is naturally anxious to keep secret, and he therefore proposes a marriage between his son and the victim of his extravagance. The union, however, is declined by the young lady, and his countship then determines upon some other method of proceeding. Just at this time we hear of *Antoine*, a savage man, who has appeared in the neighbourhood; when the count meeting him by chance in the forest, and learning from his own mouth that he has committed a murder, promises him his protection, provided that he will undertake a little job of the same sort for him, which he has not resolution enough to do in "propria persona." The savage, as he is called, consents, and is introduced into *Amy's* bed-chamber; but she being alarmed by the noise he has made in entering, and by the recollection of a fearful dream, is induced by *Violette*, the daughter, to exchange beds, and the first act, after a scene of "Blind man's buff," concludes with the screams and the supposed murder of the unfortunate daughter. The second act commences with the arrival of the *Marquis le Noir* at the Chateau, who, with a file of soldiers, is in pursuit of the murderer, but who requests the good

family to "aid, abet, and assist," in his apprehension. They then, preparatory to the commencement of their search, sit down to breakfast, but scarcely has the first cup of tea been poured out, when in rushes the ward, Amy, with a "bloody napkin" in her hand, which makes the Count avow himself the murderer of his child, and fall down in a swoon. Victor, his son, seeing the turn that things are about to take, tells the Marquis that his father is a madman—that it was he himself who had perpetrated the crime through jealousy, and that if he will allow him a word or two of private conversation with the old gentleman, he will immediately deliver himself into the hands of justice. The Marquis, like a prudent and indulgent jailor, gives his consent, and the consequence is, that both father and son, after a few sentimental compliments to each other, escape out of the window. The next scene, which is the last, assembles all the different parties at the Rock of "La Charbonnière." The Savage produces the young lady, whom, it appears, he has preserved, and to deceive her friends, and stain her pillow case, has shed his own blood instead of her's; and for this act of humanity he is killed upon the spot. The father, accompanied by his son and the remainder of his household, now come forward, and, just as the daughter is discovered to be alive and well, he also is brought down by a bullet. What becomes of the rest of the characters we do not know, as the curtain immediately falls upon this tableau of summary punishment and unnecessary horror.—Of the actors we can speak more favourably than of the author. Farley and Mrs. Davenport, in two old servants of the family—the one a German soldier, and the other an old talkative house-keeper, were admirable, and did all they could with their very indifferent and insipid parts. Of T. P. Cooke we cannot speak in terms of sufficient praise; nothing could exceed the propriety—the energy—and the power he displayed in the poor wandering and hungry outcast. Bennett and Cooper were respectable; so were Mrs. Vining and Mr. Durset; but we would just observe, that Miss Love is less fitted for parts of sentiment and feeling than any young lady at present upon the Stage. We do not know what has happened to her, but she is rapidly losing ground in the favour of every body except herself; and we beg her to recollect, before it be too late, that inordinate affection will totally destroy twenty times as much either of beauty or talent as she may conceive herself to be endowed with. The music, by Watson, was pretty;—and the scenery, by Grieve and his assistants, as usual, extremely picturesque.

POLITICS.

On a division in the House of Commons, the Consideration of the Roman Catholic Claims was carried by a majority of 13; the numbers were 247—234. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has brought forward his plan for the year; it takes the burthen of taxation off in several points where it was most felt by those least able to bear it, and also on wines and other luxuries enjoyed by the richer classes.

VARIETIES.

British Museum.—We have reason to believe, that the valuable and peculiar collection of antiquities made by the late Mr. Rich, (whose works on Babylon display so much ability) will be secured for our National Museum. The expense is not likely to exceed £8000, which will be paid to the widow of this intelligent individual, and the companion of his travels and researches.

The Egyptian Sarcophagus, mentioned in one of our former numbers to have been exhibiting at Marseilles, has been purchased by the French Government, and is now on its way to the Capital. This tomb weighs 19,000lbs., and its lid 11,000lbs. It is 8 feet long, 4 feet broad, and 4½ feet high, and is marked both on the inside and the outside with hieroglyphic characters, the whole in an excellent state of preservation.

Detonations.—For the last two or three years the inhabitants of the Island of Meleda have been kept in great alarm by detonations and earthquakes. On the 20th of March, 1822, there were heard at Babinopoglie, a village in that Island, situated in the middle of a valley, several loud detonations, which were at first mistaken for the reports of cannon, and which shook all the doors and windows in the village. During two months these detonations continued, and from twenty to thirty of them were heard every day. They afterwards became less frequent and forcible, and appeared to be proceeding towards the circumference of the Island. These detonations seem rather to have been the effect of some subterranean gas uniting with the atmospheric air, than of any volcanic explosion. On the 7th of August, 1823, however, an earthquake took place in the Island, which lasted twenty minutes and a few seconds, and was attended with some very peculiar circumstances.

Jacob's Ladder.—In a little book which has just been published at Paris, denouncing the continuance of flogging as a punishment, and characterizing it as a relic of ancient barbarism, the author (Count Lanjuinais) quotes the following curious and forcible passage from St. Bernard, in support of his ridicule of those, who are always for adhering to the practices of old times, however absurd or censurable: "God alone, because he is perfect, can never improve. Far from me be the men who say 'we will not be better than our fathers.' Jacob saw angels ascending and descending the mysterious ladder which united heaven and earth; but did he see any of them stop and sit down? It is impossible to be stationary. Here below nothing remains in the same state. We must either ascend or descend; he who stops on the way, falls!"

Judas.—In a volume of Tales and Novels, by M. Ingemann, which has lately been published at Copenhagen, there is one very extraordinary story called, "The Altar Piece of the Church of Soroe." It is founded on the following occurrence: A painter, appointed by Christian the Fourth to decorate the altar of the church of Soroe, having chosen for his subject Christ's last supper with his disciples, and being in search of a model for Judas, accidentally met with a forest-keeper; a man who, guilty of numerous crimes, and tormented by his conscience, had contracted an expression of countenance so gloomy and dreadful, that the painter was delighted to transfer it from recollection to his canvas. The forest-keeper, influenced by motives which it is unnecessary to state here, had secretly embraced the Catholic faith, but had never visited his parish church. One Sunday, however, chance having led him into the church, he found the preacher execrating the memory of Judas, and pointing him out to the congregation in the new picture. Recognizing his own portrait, and seized with inexpressible horror, the wretched man rushed out of the church in despair, and the same evening was found hanging to a tree in the neighbourhood.

Curious Fact.—(A correspondent favours us with the following singular anecdote):—"I have recently returned from the City of Savannah, in the United States, where I resided for a few weeks. During my stay there, I saw a sailor, who, although insane, was perfectly harmless,

and was allowed to ramble about the streets. The infatuation of lunatics, in supposing themselves to be kings and emperors, is universally known. This poor fellow, living in a Republic, it might be supposed, would not have laboured under any delusion of that nature. But it would seem that the ruling passion with madmen is, the passion for ruling, for the continual cry in this case was, 'I am the Constitution of the United States.'"

D. II

ANECDOTES.

An Italian lady, who had lost her husband, was visited, the day after his funeral, by her spiritual confessor, to offer the customary compliments of condolence. He was so much surprised at finding her engaged at piquet with a young officer, of good appearance, that he could not forbear hinting, in as delicate a manner as possible, at the impropriety of such conduct. "Truly, Sir," replied the lady, "had you come half an hour earlier you would have found me bathed in tears. As for the grief, with the want of which you reproach me, I have staked it in the game with this gentleman, and, as you may have, see lost."

Practical Blunder of an Irish Footpad Robber.—During a journey of the Bishop of Salisbury (the celebrated Gilbert Burnet) from his See to London, he had a sudden occasion to stop the carriage, which he desired might proceed at a slow pace, as he expected shortly to overtake it. Very few minutes had elapsed before his Lordship was attacked by a robber, who, in the Irish brogue, demanded his watch and money. Remonstrance under such circumstances being unavailing, he complied with the best grace in his power, expecting no further molestation. The coat, however, of the Bishop, happening to take the fancy of the thief, he insisted on its being exchanged for his own threadbare jerkin, in which the clerical dignitary was suffered to depart. During this transaction, the Bishop's coach had proceeded a considerable distance, and Mrs. Burnet, becoming uneasy at her husband's delay, put her head out of the window and saw him running towards her with all possible speed, in his new disguise, with the meaning of which she was soon made acquainted. The Bishop, a short time afterwards, on putting his hand into one of the pockets of the jerkin, had the unexpected good fortune to find his own watch, and in the other, not only his own purse, but also another, containing upwards of fifty golden Jacobuses.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

A new and monthly work, called the "Aurora," edited by Mr. Wright, Surgeon Aurist to her late Majesty Queen Charlotte, is announced as being in the press.

The History of Monkeys, noticed in our last two Numbers, is, we hear, the production of Mr. Stewart Rose. Why professed by an *Apes-ology* to the Travellers' Club, and poetical touch about *Apes-othrosis*, the writer knows best.

Columbus.—The King of Spain has just authorized the printing of the Autographical Journal of Christopher Columbus, and those of several other illustrious Navigators, which have been preserved in the Escorial with the most religious care, but which, no one has hitherto been allowed to peruse. This publication will be very serviceable to the geographical sciences.

LIST OF WORKS PUBLISHED SINCE OUR LAST.

Hans of Iceland, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Burdett's Discourses, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—Proceedings of the Catholic Association, 8vo. 6s. 6d.—Brannmark's Swedish Grammar, 18mo. 5s. 6d.—Bollen's Key to the German Language, 18mo. 8s. 6d.—Bell's Examination, for regulating the Forms of Process in Scotland, 8vo. 4s.—Jerome's Analytical Digest, consolidated, royal 8vo. 1l. 10s.—Hunt's History of the Welsh Bards, 3 volumes in two, 2l. 12s. 6d.—Historical Illustrations of the Passions, 8vo. 1l. 4s.—Carmichael on Venereal Diseases, 8vo. 10s.—Scudamore on Colic, 8vo. 6s.—Cook's Cookery and Confectionary, 18mo. 6s. 6d.—Real Grievances of the Irish Peasantry, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Westminster Hall, 3 vols. 18mo. 1l. 12s.—Juliana Oakley, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—Vision of Hades, foolscap 8vo. 6s.—St. Hubert, 3 vols. 18mo. 1l. 10s.—Conway's Tales of Andros, post 8vo. 6s.—Moore's Life of Wesley, vol. 3, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Humble's Monitor, 8vo. 6s.—Hemmett's Recollections and Poems, 8vo. 3s.—Segur's Campaign in Russia, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 5s.—Byron in Italy, &c. &c. 8vo. 10s.—Mars de Saire, 8vo. 15s.—Telemaachus, in Italian, by Petroni, 3 vol. 18mo. 6s.—Genevieve Sermons, edited by M. Pons, 10s.—Madison's Sermons for Scotland, 18mo. 3s.—Jennett's Lectures on the History of Jesus Christ, 3 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s.—Remarks on Professor Lee's Vindication, 8vo. 4s.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

Feb. 9 March.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday	24	30.10 to 30.16
Friday	25	30.09 — 30.16
Saturday	26	30.08 — 30.04
Sunday	27	30.03 — 30.00
Monday	28	29.99 — 30.00
Tuesday	29	29.98 — 30.00
Wednesday	30	29.97 — 30.00

Wind variable, S.E. prevailing—Generally cloudy; rain at times.—Rain fallen .625 of an inch.
Spots on the Sun.—The cluster now traversing the Sun's disc is well deserving the attention of those who possess telescopes, as well for their number as their magnitude.
Edmonton. C. H. ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank *Father Ambrose*; but can hardly think *Horace* capable of new beauties in translation.
We cannot, immediately, find *M. de L.'s* manuscript.
Byron's would afford a clearer subject; his piece is (of course) inadmissible.

G. W.'s Sonnet is very sweetly expressed; but were we to indulge all the poetical advisers of E. E. L. with the insertion of these offerings in the *Literary Gazette*, we must publish two sheets instead of one. If it may satisfy the Editor, he may believe that his composition has been laid before the fair authors.
H. Y. L. for consideration.

Errata: P. 139, col. 1, line 99, for bonds, read heads.—P. 149, Poetry by E. E. L. stanza 7, for clear read dare.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall-Mall.—The Gallery for the Exhibition and Sale of the WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS is open daily, from Ten to the Morning until Five in the Evening.
Admission 1s.—Catalogue in.

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JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.
The Subscribers to the Print from Mr. West's Picture of "Our Saviour healing the Sick in the Temple," who have not already received their impressions, may now pay the sum of 1s. for the remainder of the Subscriptions, at the Brit. Institution daily.
Incorporated Society for the Management and Distribution of the Literary Fund.

A GENERAL MEETING of the Members of this Society will be held at the Society's Chambers, 4, Lincoln's Inn Fields, on Wednesday the 9th of March, for the Election of their Officers, and for the Transaction of other Business. The Chair will be taken at Half-past Two precisely.
J. B. NICHOLS, F.S.A. & Registrars.
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NEW SUBSCRIPTION READING ROOM.
No. 1, St. James's-street, opposite the Palace.—W. SAMMIS, Book and Printseller to the Royal Family, very respectfully forms the Reading Room, which has been fitted up in a superior style of elegance and comfort, is regularly supplied with all the Town and Country Newspapers, Reviews, Magazines, &c.; and has for the exclusive use of Subscribers an extensive Library of Books of reference and general information, as well as illustrated Works on Sporting and other subjects, and a Portfolio of Prints in great variety. Terms, Three Guineas the year, or Two Guineas for first class Subscribers to the Circulating Library. Boxes by the Night for the Theatre.

Just published, in 10 large Plates and a Plan, price 3s. 2s. 6d.
LITHOGRAPHIC SKETCH OF THE NORTH BANK OF THE THAMES, from WESTMINSTER BRIDGE to LONDON BRIDGE; showing the proposed Quay, and some other Improvements, suggested by Lieut.-Col. T. M. P. To which are added a Survey of that part of the River, and a Prospect of the proposed plan.
London: published by Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 50, Chesham, and 6, Pall-Mall.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. LXII.
will be published this day, March 5th.

NEW JOINT STOCK COMPANIES, their CAPITALS, SHARES, and DEPOSITS. No. XLII.—List of these (and in number, and proposing to raise 1000 millions) alphabetically, under thirty-one different heads; with professional Remarks, on some of them. By Mr. JOHN FAHEY, Engineer & Mineral-Surveyor, appears in the last Number of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE; the Second of Vol. LXI. of this very popular Work, was published in March, price 2s. by Geo. B. Whittaker, and sold by all Booksellers. This Number also contains Topic of the Month—Morals of the Stage, and of the Public Press—Homer's Cave of the Nymphs—Defence of Captain Scoresby's Voyage—Communications for and against Macdonaldism—Walker in Pall-Mall—On the Principle of Virtue—Pratt & Dallas—Miss Ballou's Defence of Lord Byron—Saline Lakes and Springs—The Exactions—Anatomy of Speech, No. L.—Letters from the West of England—Economy of the Office—Improved Condition of the Labouring Classes—Hare Trade of the Reptiles—Mechanics' Institutions—Air Beds—Japanese Antiquities—Philosophy of Contemporary Criticism, No. XLII.—The Quarterly and British Reviews, and Dr. Syles's Funeral Announcements—Original Poetry—Transactions of Learned Societies, Domestic, Foreign, and Oriental—Monthly Critique—Report of Domestic and Foreign Literature—The Drama—New Music—Medical, Agricultural, and Commercial Reports—Review of Politics—Varieties, Literary and Miscellaneous—Provincial Occurrences, &c. &c.

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CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.—A Gentleman who has frequently published, and is well acquainted with the technicalities of Printing, wishes for the above appointment in an Office of high respectability. He is conversant with ten or twelve languages; he reads a poetical version, reads fluently in most of the oriental characters, and would invest a small capital in any business, where his talents might be properly employed. Address (post paid) to E. L. at Poole's Coffee-house, Fleet-street.

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A Society for the Encouragement of Literature.
At a MEETING held at the Freemason's Tavern, on Friday the 25th February, 1825, for the purpose of taking into consideration the expediency of establishing a Society for the Encouragement of Literature.

It was resolved, (after reading the subjoined Prospectus) that the undersigned gentlemen do form a Committee of Directors, for the purpose of carrying the plan into execution; with power to add to their number, & to appoint the Officers of the Society.
Henry T. Coleridge, Esq. F.R.S. Edward Moor, Esq. F.R.S.
F.L.S. &c. F.S.A. &c.
William Holmes, Esq. Colonel Nugent.
William Judd, Esq. Sir John Phillips.
William Keble, Esq. William Tooke, Esq. F.R.S.
Herbert Mayo, Esq. &c.

PROSPECTUS.
The difficulties which Authors have to contend, in bringing their works before the Public, have long been the subject of complaint among literary men; and have, doubtless, in numerous instances, retarded the progress of genius.
It is, therefore, in contemplation to form a "Society for the Encouragement of Literature," which, without losing sight of those pecuniary advantages on which its stability must depend, would not lose sight of the public interest, as to public benefit; and while it would ensure to the young Author of merit the covering of its patronage, would reserve for the necessities of old declining age some portion of the profits arising from his labours.

In order to accomplish these objects, it is intended that the Society should purchase the property of Works which are deemed worthy of public approbation; but it is not meant that the Society should interfere with the established trade of the Bookseller, and the Public will be supplied with the works through the medium of the established Dealers.
The basis on which it is proposed to establish the Society is as follows:—

The Capital to be 100,000l.—in shares of 100l.—but to be increased, if at any time period such a measure should be deemed advisable by a Majority of Proprietors; and, in that event, the Share-holders to have the privilege of subscribing, at par, in proportion to the amount of their Shares.
One-third of the Directors to vacate their seats annually; but to be eligible to be re-elected.

All Vacancies in the Directorship to be filled up by Ballot among the Share-holders; who are to be allowed to vote in the following ratio:—
1 Share = 1 Vote. 10 Shares = 10 Votes.
2 Shares = 2 Votes. 20 Shares = 20 Votes.
And one additional Vote for every 5 Shares exceeding 20.
Each Share to entitle its Possessor to one Copy of every Work published by the Society, and to be paid at the time of publication, at the rate of 5s. per cent. per annum, to be paid half yearly, on the amount of the instalments on the Shares.
A Deposit of 1000l. per cent. to be paid at the time of subscribing, and the remainder by gradual instalments, as the extension of the Society's concerns may demand. But it is supposed that the amount required will not, for a considerable period, exceed 100,000l. and no instalment beyond that sum will be called for without the sanction of a General Meeting of Proprietors.

The Profits, after payment of the Interest & Disbursements, are to be appropriated as follows:—One-fourth to form a Fund for the benefit of Authors; to be hereafter disposed of at the discretion of the Society; Two-fourths to be divided among the Proprietors, annually; and the remaining fourth to accumulate as Capital during Six Years, when one-half of the accumulation will be divided among the Proprietors, and subsequently, every third year, a division of the profits of the three preceding years will be made; by which arrangement a perpetual fund of three years' profits will be formed, in most any unforeseen expensures, and to prevent the possibility of loss to the Proprietors.

Although no positive estimate can be formed of the pecuniary advantages which are likely to accrue to the Proprietors, yet, from the well-known facts, that the profits on publications are generally large, and that, on many popular works, they exceed the ordinary limits of those on other speculations, it may be reasonably presumed that the annual returns from that source will be considerable; while it is certain that the discounts to be obtained from Printers and Papermerchants, by payment in cash, the lieu of the long and burdensome credit now given to the Publishers, will alone afford an ample remuneration for the advance of capital. To which considerations may be added, the power which the Society will possess, through its ample funds and literary connections, of promoting the publication of works of high national importance.

The principal object of this Institution being the general encouragement of Literature, the Society will not suffer itself to be limited by party-feelings; but will open up to the reception of all works of merit, and will not discriminate as to party or merit. A deed for the establishment of the Society will be prepared under the sanction of the Directors, and the same is to be deemed the proper deed for carrying the same into effect; by which will be provided, that, as between themselves, the Share-holders shall not be liable beyond the amount of their respective Shares in the capital of the Society; and that, as far as possible, no Share-holder may be liable, as between the Society and the Public, beyond the amount of his Shares, it is intended, that all contracts and engagements on behalf of the Society shall be made and entered into with that stipulation, and for immediate payment. But, should it be deemed advisable, an application will be made to Parliament for an Act of Incorporation.
Applications for Shares may be made to Messrs. Allison and Handley, the Solicitors of the Society, at their office, in Freeman's Court, Cornhill, London, until Tuesday, the 15th March, when the Secretary will be closed, and the application will be informed of the number of Shares allotted to each, the deposit on which are to be then paid to Messrs. Ransom and Co. Bankers, Pall-Mall East.

TO BOOKSELLERS and others.—To be disposed of by Private Contract, a most eligible and improving Concern of considerable magnitude, comprising an Establishment in the various branches of the Bookselling Business, the present Proprietors retiring, and a new one to be formed, not less than 20,000l. will be required. Apply to Mr. W. A. Carter, at Mr. Bobb, No. 11, Finsbury-lane, Hatfield.

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SCHOOL for DRAWING and PAINTING.
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Reintroduction of the Annual Register published by the late Mr. Dabbling.

This day is published, in one large vol. 8s. per 100, it bears, **THE ANNUAL REGISTER**, or, a VIEW of the History of Politics, Literature, &c. for the Year 1825. This volume will complete the series published by Rivingtons, from 1791 to 1821 inclusive, any volume of which may be purchased separately. The volume for 1825 will be published with as little delay as possible.

* Rivingtons have lately published the volumes for 1825, (commencing with his present Majesty's Reign) 1821, 1822, and 1823. Price 10s. each.

This day is published, price 6s.

THE EDINBURGH REVIEW, or CRITICAL JOURNAL. No. 82.

Contents: I. Campbell's Theoric III. Memoirs sur la Cour de Louis XIV.—Manners and Manners of Absolute Princes—III. The History of Politics, Literature, &c. for the Year 1825. The Review—VII. Ellis's Letters illustrative of English History—VIII. Criminal Law of Scotland—IX. West India—X. Reduction of the British in Coffee—XI. State of Hayti—XII. Education of the People.

Printed for Longman, Hurst, Ross, Orme, Brown, and Green, London; and Archibald Constable and Co. Edinburgh.

March 1st, was published, by J. M. Richardson, 32, Cornhill, **BUCKINGHAM'S ORIENTAL HERALD,**

and JOURNAL OF GENERAL LITERATURE. Containing the following Original Articles:—A Dawn of Hope for India in the Speculating Spirit of the Age—Traces of Christianity among the Yezids in the Caucasus—The Yezids—The worship only one God, but reverence the Devil, on the authority of the Gospel—The Justice, Policy, and Safety of giving immediate Freedom to every Slave in the West Indies—Administration of the Fire-shipwreck, and his Love-Persecution—On the New Constitution of Mexico—On the Education of Youth for Civil Offices in India—Examination of Foreign Voyages and Travels—Mockery of the Intended Ballot at the India House—On the Regency's Office of the Supreme Courts in India—New Associations, Free Sugar and Bengal Sugar Companies—On the Effect and probable consequences of the recent Discussions on Ireland—Further Development of the sanguinary Conduct of the Indian Government, as connected with the Transactions at Hyderabad—Mr. Beckingham's Reply to Dr. Byles's refusal insertion in the *Quarterly Review*—Selections from the Hyderabad Papers, from the Official Correspondence of W. Palmer & Co. and the Bengal Government—The Intention of Mr. W. Palmer to Lord Almon's Correspondence of the Bombay Government and Mr. Fair—Original Poetry—Latest Intelligence from the East—Civil and Military Intelligence—Births, Deaths, and Marriages, Shipping Intelligence, &c. &c.

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